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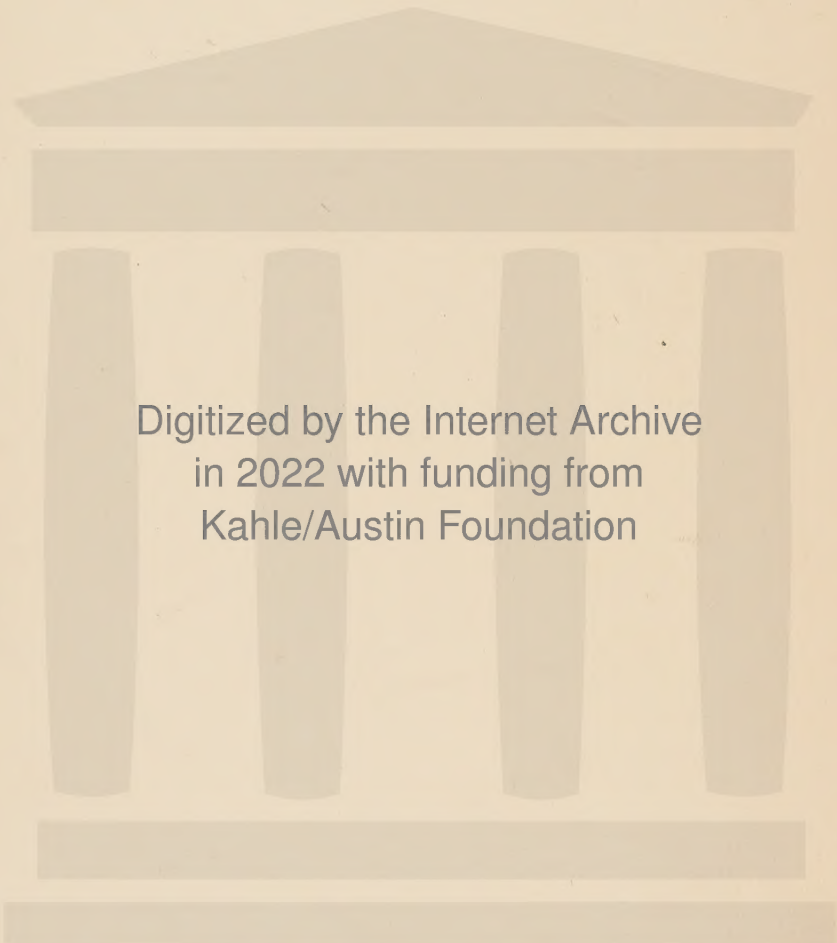
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CANTONESE LOVE-SONGS

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PREFACE

My attention was first directed to the 粵謳 by Sung Hok-phang 宋學鵬, a young Chinese scholar, from whom I learned my earliest lessons in Cantonese, and with whom I read these songs a first time. In the preparation of the notes, I have profited greatly by the assistance of Yöng Söng Phó 楊襄甫, my present tutor in the language; while Au Fung-chhí 區鳳墀, First Chinese Writer in the Registrar-General's Office, Hongkong, has kindly revised the proofs of the Chinese text. It is also a pleasure to me to acknowledge the help I have derived, in studying Chinese guitar-music, from Mr. J. A. van Aalst, though I hasten to accept entire responsibility for my conjectures in a subject where I have hitherto found it impossible to obtain data with which to check my hypothesis.

I cannot hope that in translating for the first time this small collection of songs, I have always found the true shade of meaning, or traced the right allusion: but my purpose will have been served, if I succeed in directing attention to a side of the Chinese character which tends often to be overlooked. No one can hope to appreciate the extreme sentimentality of the Cantonese, unless he has delighted in scenes such as those which the preface of 'Shek the Taoist' (pp. 18, 19) describes so beautifully; but, the more fully this sentimentality is understood, the more clearly will it be seen to tinge the temperament even of the coldest business-man, or the most uncouth coolie.

C. C.

Land Court,
March 3, 1904.

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INTRODUCTION

I.

THE author of the Cantonese Songs, which were published probably in 1828 A.D., was Chîû Tsz-yung, 招子庸, a prefect of Tsheng-chau, 青州, who lived under the present dynasty in the reign of the Emperor Tô Kwong, 道光 (1821–51 A.D.). But, although the fathers of the present generation of Cantonese were contemporaries of the author, his life is hidden in obscurity: for, as happens frequently in the history of Oriental literature, the poet has passed into oblivion, and his poetry stands in the eyes of the afterworld for all that was immortal in its author.

The Songs were not long in gaining popularity, and during the nineteenth century they established themselves so firmly in the Canton province, and especially in the city of Canton itself, that to-day they are known to high and low, rich and poor: they are sung alike by 'toys of paint and powder' on board the gilt and scarlet flower-boats, by blind minstrel-girls in the houses of wealthy men, and by the dirty beggar in the suburban slum. Only sedate old age and high officialdom can find the heart to sneer at these love-songs as beneath the dignity of those who philosophize with Mencius by day, and by night pore over abstruse diagrams in the Book of Changes.

This wide-spread popularity is due, in the first place, to the fact that the Songs are written in the provincial language and must, therefore, naturally appeal to those who, 'born and bred in southern villages, ply the country-speech' (Pref. III). It is not a book for a few erudite scholars, but for the people at large, and for women as well as men. The feelings of the Cantonese themselves on this subject are well expressed by the author of the *Tsuk Wá Khing Thám*, 俗話傾談, in his preface[1]:—

'Knowledge,' he says, 'is acquired by one's own conception and reasoning, and it is also obtained by listening to the conversation of others. . . . But if the language used is too learned and obscure, women and children will find it difficult to understand. If the matters talked about are common matters of everyday occurrence and told in common

[1] Translated by J. Dyer Ball, *Readings in Cantonese Colloquial*, Intr. p. xxi.

speech, then all will easily understand, and furthermore they will feel entertained thereby.'

But even apart from this the Songs commend themselves by the directness and simplicity of their style. Difficulties arise, not in interpretation, but from the large number of allusions to history, mythology, and novel literature—allusions which are not always familiar even to well-read Chinamen, though the context usually places the general meaning of the passage beyond doubt.

The love-theme remains the same in all the Songs; in fact, their chief fault is a tedious reiteration of similar ideas. Even such a change of theme as that in Song LXIX is most welcome to the reader, whose interest is stimulated by contrasting the manner in which Ovid (*Amor.* I. viii. 23–108) has treated a similar subject, though from a moral point of view the contrast is not greatly to the advantage of the Roman poet.

Now and again the style contains a suggestion of allegories in *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Phrases such as Sell-Smile Village (VII. 8), Complaisant Thorp (I. 2), Sorrow City (I. 2), Willow Lane and Flower Street (LX) seem coined in the workshop of Bunyan, and it is curious to find them current in these Cantonese Songs. Sometimes a single epithet recalls the charm and freshness of Greek poetry. Thus the exquisite phrase in which Theocritus gave a magic loveliness to his Nucheia flashes across the memory as we read: 'Even were there a sleep spirit, he could not charm away the tears that suffuse my autumn-glancing eyes' (XII. 5). Or, again, a thought of Virgil's seems to echo from the line: 'O tears! When humanity draws passion from human beings, why should ye fall in such precipitance?' (LVI. 2). Yet, on the whole, these Cantonese love-songs are quite unlike any love-poetry of the West both in diction and in thought.

For this reason it is useful, as affording some basis for a comparison of Chinese and European style, to know that Song XLVII is usually declared by Chinese critics to be the finest in the collection. This would probably not be the opinion of most Europeans, who might prefer as poetry Songs IV, XI. 3, XLVIII, or L. Song XLVII is in style one of the most direct and least lyrical in the whole volume. It is also one of the few songs which are placed by the author in the mouths of men and not of women. Indeed, many Chinese scholars consider that Tshau Heï, 秋喜, to whom the song is addressed, was mistress of Chîû Tsz-yung himself. If this is the case, a few more facts may be added to the meagre record of the poet's life: namely, that for some cause—possibly in order to pass his examinations at Peking—he left his lady-love after living with her for two or three

months, and that in his absence Tshau Heï committed suicide, because she had fallen so hopelessly into debt, that her only escape lay in death or in taking a new lover. The song is a reproach to her for not having told the poet of her debt, and a warning to her to purge her sin, so that in the next life she may be no chance-comer's bride.

II.

Descriptions of nature in these poems are always relative to man, and are sketched with a few vivid words. Pretty vignette pictures occur in nearly all the songs. First comes the advent of radiant spring (IV, LXXIV. 1, 8), among whose lovely scenes the oriole plumes himself on his speech-craft (IV): swallows whisper low as they meet among the flowers (VIII). The lotus starts stainless from the water, with a luxury of splendour in its thousand flushes of red and myriad tints of green (XI. 3): while concord-grass, planted by the ring-fence, longs to be set as comrade near the peony (XVII). But soon the wind-prince of the East (XIII. 2) litters the blossom, like duckweed which flaunts its face and raises its head from the water (XIV, LXIX): or, may be that the flowers' arbour, fragrant and lustrous, is rifled by vagrant bees (XI. 5, XVIII). Next follows a night-scene. The moon at heaven's edge is like a sickle-hook; its shimmer floats upon the long river and, nothing loth, flows down the stream (XXVI): or again the moon seems riveted to the side of the painted chamber (XXIII): within the chamber the red lamp is set upon the table (XCI), and over the inch-square of its chimney all night long the fire-scorched lamp-moth gropes for a passage with dazed head and dazzled brain (L). Elsewhere the picture is laid in sad autumn, when the elm-leaves are whirled into the well-water made golden by their reflection (XI. 1): when the gay clouds scatter and fly (XXXV. 5) towards the meeting of amber-sky with ocean (XCIII): when the flooding and flowing autumn waves submerge the red clouds of sunset (LXXIV. 3). Only the weeping-willows have learned to greet the wind pliantly in slim-waisted fashion (XI. 2): and a drooping willow fence locks in the long dyke (XXX). Finally, it is the winter plum-tree which usurps king-ship of flowers and wins men's love with its ice-crusted skin and bones of jade (XI. 5): a few stalks of bruised chrysanthemum still bid defiance to the frost-films (XI. 4, 13, XXXV. 1): while the fir-tree remains evergreen, deep hidden in the river glen (XI. 4).

But such descriptions are never more than a background of the scene in which human passion is set, or at most the world of nature is an outward symbol of the soul's emotion. Ruskin could scarcely have

quoted a finer example of the pathetic fallacy than the line 'Green spring itself believes that there are those who pity its sadness' (XLVIII). The partridge crying in rapid complaint (XII. 5) gives voice to human grief. The broken lamp and the waning moon are emblems of a sorrow which knows no respite (XII. 5). The bloom on the peach-blossom (XXXV. 3) and the gloss of fragrance (XLIX) signify love's transience: just as the tree of love, branchless and leafless, bleak and alone, is a metaphor of love's isolation (LIV). The poet was well aware of the fallacy which he employed; for in a striking passage (LIV) he says: 'After all love has no tree, and a spring-dream no substance.' He consciously subordinated nature to emotion, and especially he strove to elicit from the outer universe a visible and sensible language of human love.

III.

The Chinese mind, owing to that enervation of metaphysical thought, which is common among Oriental nations, but which differs so widely from the vigorous anthropomorphism exhibited in Hellenic poetry, never gave birth to conceptions such as those of Eros and Aphrodite. There is no personification of the love-sentiment, and thus the Chinese love-songs are deprived of those beautiful figures, which make vivid the songs of Greece and Italy, and whose charm has haunted Western poets through centuries of mediaeval and modern time. In China we have left the land of golden, laughter-loving Aphrodite, crowned with fair garlands and attended by the Graces. We have lost those exquisite pictures of Love as a winged boy with childish bow and quiver, gleefully shooting his bitter-sweet arrows into the hearts of men and then soothing with a touch the wounds that he had made. Love the Romp went a-Maying with Greek and Roman maidens in the myrtle grove. Love the Post-boy drove men before him with whip of hyacinth. Love the Truant lay hidden in a lady's eyes. Love the Spoiled Child, stung among roses by a bee, complained loudly to his mother Aphrodite. Love the Cup-bearer, his tunic fastened at the shoulder, handed round wine among the guests: and next morning, Love the Gamester diced recklessly for human lives.

But the necessity for such imagery as this has never been felt by the Chinese poets, whose efforts are devoted to symbolizing the lover and not the love-sentiment. They never hesitate to abandon concrete realities in order to move entirely in a world of abstract conceptions. So far from making incarnate the love-sentiment, they are at pains to disguise in metaphor the personality of the lover: and, whereas the Greek sought

unity of expression for his thought by vivid anthropomorphism, the Chinese mind endeavours to fuse the material and the ideal element into a unity of metaphysical allegory, in which man and nature pass through the alembic of the poet's imagination into a spiritual essence which is both at once.

Accordingly it will be found that the Cantonese Love-songs resemble Hebraic rather than Hellenic love-poetry. In the Song of Solomon, amid great divergence of treatment, there is apparent the same desire to find ever new expression for humanity in a non-human world. The lover is to his lady as a bundle of myrrh, a cluster of camphire, an apple-tree, a roe or a young hart: his loved one is as a rose of Sharon, a lily of the valleys, a dove, a garden enclosed, a fountain of gardens, a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots. One metaphor comes especially close to Chinese thought: 'How fair!' cries the lover, 'how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights! This thy stature is like to a palm-tree . . . I said, I will go up to the palm-tree, I will take hold of the boughs thereof.' Again and again, in the Cantonese Songs, a girl is spoken of as a tree whose branches men lay hold upon and snap. But even here there is a wide difference. The Hebrew poet rarely ventures beyond a comparison of man and nature. 'Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness *like* pillars of smoke?' 'Be thou *like to* a roe or to a young hart upon the mountains of spices.' '*As* the lily among thorns, *so* is my love among the daughters.' 'Who is she that looketh forth *as* the morning, fair *as* the moon, clear *as* the sun, and terrible *as* an army with banners?' But this does not satisfy the Chinese poet who proclaims, not comparison, but identity of essence in man and nature. The maiden is not compared to, she actually is, the royal flower in the Cinnamon Garden: she is the willow-tree, the peach-blossom, the perfume, the vapour, the jewel, the phoenix, the toy of rouge and powder. Similarly her lover is the peacock, the bee, the butterfly. The thought-expressions of united love are the swallows flying side by side, the brace of teal, the web of silk.

But it is striking that nowhere in these Cantonese Songs do we hear of happy and united love. It is always the transience of the vapour, the fading of the flower, the mateless phoenix, the perfume rifled by bees, of which the Chinese maiden sings. We miss alike the buoyant joyousness of Greek love-lyrics and the voluptuous descriptions of Hebrew poetry. Doom darkens the thoughts of the Chinese lover. Sadness envelops her like a shroud with an unvarying melancholy, of which the explanation may partly be found in religion, but is, without doubt, chiefly dictated by the environment in which her love is set.

IV.

Marriage in China, as in other countries where the patriarchal system is strong and where ancestor-worship is the chief cult of the people, has become little else than an institution for the birth of legitimate children. The principle of sexual selection does not decide marriages in China: and, since bride and bridegroom frequently have never met before the wedding-day, when the bargain made by their parents is ratified, love before marriage is almost impossible, and love after marriage is rare enough. Accordingly, in view of the fact that honourable love is hardly ever a theme of Chinese poetry, it is possible to regard much of the imagery which abounds in the Cantonese Love-songs merely as euphemisms, forced on the poet by the nature of his subject. Many metaphors are indeed so trite that in Chinese they scarcely bear the poetic value which results from their translation into English. 'Arbours of flower and willow,' 'haunts of vapour and flowers,' 'rouge and powder,' 'the world of flowers,' and other such expressions, have only one possible meaning to a Chinaman and thereby lose something of the delicacy which they retain for English ears.

But, if this is true on the one hand, it must be remembered none the less that in China the position of a courtesan is far less degraded than among Western nations. Sold by her parents at an early age, a sacrifice to the poverty of her family, or mortgaged by her husband for a term of years in payment of household debts, the little girl or the wife is bought by women, whose infamous trade it is, either to resell their bargain at a profit or to train their acquisitions for the life to which an evil fate has doomed them. Pecuniary necessity, not vice of character, has been in China the chief cause of meretricious sin.

We are told [1], in the Chronicle of Sundry States (列國), that in the seventh century B.C. a certain minister, named Kwun Chung [2] (Mayers, No. 293; Giles, No. 1006)[3], 'originated and developed the practice of prostitution as a masterpiece of political economy, making it a source of revenue to the country. Tshai Kwok [4], the modern Shántung [5], is described as being then a place of great gaiety and festivity, and likewise a great commercial emporium; strangers and merchants coming thither from all parts of China, and finding there a ready sale for their merchandise. Kwun Chung [2], dreading lest the silver of the country should be taken

[1] See *The Chinese Social Evil*, by Mr. Stent, of the Imperial Maritime Customs.

[2] 管仲

[3] W. F. Mayers, *Chinese Reader's Manual*, 1874: H. A. Giles, *Chinese Biographical Dictionary*, 1898.

[4] 齊國

[5] 山東

away by these traders in exchange for their merchandise, and be entirely lost to the state, thought it good policy to legitimize and encourage prostitution, in hopes these traders would be induced to squander their earnings in profligacy, so that their money, or a great portion of it, might by this means be left in the country, and gradually filtered into the exchequer.' This economic aspect of the question has remained unchanged, though the centre of the evil has shifted from the state to the household. It is as the solution of a problem in domestic economy that the father sells his unknowing child, or the husband pawns his wife, though in the latter case the victim must be a consenting party to the bargain. Debt has been known to make a woman mortgage her person: while on occasion the Chinese Government has sold, as a source of revenue, girls who for their own fault have been discarded by their family. But it is always economic necessity, and scarcely ever free choice, that sets women to walk in 'Willow Lane and Flower Street.'

For this cause an intense sadness broods over the lives of these young girls. 'Wide, wide is the sea of bitterness: ill-fated be more than half therein[1].' Escape is wellnigh impossible. It can be attained only by one of two means. Either the girl must by her sin save money sufficient to ransom herself[2] from the life to which she has been destined; or, if more fortunate, she may, before her maidenhood is lost, meet a 'true-hearted guest-gallant[3],' whose love will 'bring her safe to shore,' either as his wife or concubine. This is the one ray of hope which lights up the gloom.

In a series of varied pictures the Cantonese Songs describe for us the life of such a girl. We see her at the toilet-table braiding her hair, with the significance of a love-spell in every action: for, as she parts her hair so will her lover part all troubles and come to her: the centre of her head-dress symbolizes the concentration of her heart: the roots (根) of the hair and the ends of the tresses are signs that she will follow (跟) her love to the end: the flowers she wears are emblematic of her flower-debts and will win her the favour of the Flower King: the 'moon roses' will gain her the protection of the Old Man in the Moon (XCV). Again, we see the girl, in the brief hour of her happiness, weaving words with her lover as they stand beside the ring-fence, while he writes on the whitewashed wall the lotus-flower song which they have sung together (XV): or reclining by her lover's side beneath the flowers as they watch the moon grow round (XXIII. 13). But suddenly she overhears the chill words of men saying that the peacock and his mate will soon be torn

[1] Song I. [2] 贖身 [3] 眞心人客

apart (XVIII). Then the spring dream is shattered (XII. 5, 7): yet she bravely takes up the burden of her predestined sorrow (LXX). Her lover is a young and brilliant scholar, whose debt to his books (LXXIII. 12) summons him to pass examinations at Peking (LXXIII. 16): for, although bright as a long sword, yet his brilliance has never left the sheath (LXXIX. 2, 5). The girl who loves him so tenderly cannot let her love stand in the way of his advancement (LIX. 6): she hopes to see him one day arrayed in academic robes and returning home in honour (LXXIII. 11): but the hour of parting (XI. 2, 10), the very word 'parting,' haunts her (XII. 6, 3). Therefore, two days and more before his departure, she whispers in his ear by the pillow side (LVI. 1, 4) her message of good-bye —'Love, fair though Peking may be, yet forget not your sweetheart!' (LVIII. 6). Swiftly the hours pass, long as she may that the forest branches would arrest the setting sun (LVI. 2). In a moment his chariot and horses will be at the door (LVI. 2). She forces herself to mirth and laughter, so that her lover may go with a light heart (LVI. 1). Then he is gone northwards (LVI. 2): with yearning eyes she follows the carriage on its way (LVIII), yet she is loth to stand at the door (LVIII), lest her sorrow should be a mock to prying eyes (VIII). When he is out of sight, the girl retires to her chamber and there at last the pent-up heart finds relief in long and heavy weeping (LVI. 1). Nature tries to comfort her, but the song of the oriole, the fragrance of the flowers, and the vernal season only add to her woe (IV, XXII. 3). In a lonely bedroom she faces the red lamp set on her table (XCI. 9), and in futile effort raises in her hand a cup so that its shadow on the wall may delude her into seeming less forlorn (XCI. 6). Then she seeks rest in sleep, and in sleep she dreams of reunion with her lover (XXVIII). Hark! the sudden scream of the goose has divorced the wedlock of her dreams (LXIV). It is the carrier-goose (XXIX), but come without letter from her lover (XXVIII). Is he, then, grown careless? (XXIX. 3). Or was it mere indolence in writing? (XXIX). If, then, he has unsent letters written in his mind, let him send the empty cover: so that, spreading out the blank paper, the fond girl may imagine it holds ten thousand thousand words (XXIX). He promised to write (VIII): but, as she counts up the days upon her finger-tips, she reckons that a full half-year has gone by without news (VIII). In lapse of time comes despair. She thinks of suicide: but fears to die amiss, lest dying she should say—'Would I might die once more!' (III). The flower-debts are not yet paid in full (XIII. 1, 15), and her only hope is in the life to come (V. 19). So forced back into her vile life, night by night she is paired with a mate, but ever feels a very loneliness (VI. 6). Lovers quarrel over her: but her heart is only one

(XXV). Would, then, that all men seeing her might come to hate her (XXV): or, if that cannot be, would that they ceased from hating her for jealousy of other men (XXV). Could she but dissuade her lovers from wrangling, it were sweeter to her than pine-apple preserved in sugar (LXXX). Then come the reproaches of her 'pocket-mother,' who sees old acquaintances draw back and no new guests arrive (LXIX). The ledgers show debts only, no payments. The Marine Magistrate and his Police storm and threaten as they levy the 'Rouge-tax' (LXIX), to supply pin-money for ladies of the Imperial Palace: and even excess of sorrow is better than the Judge's gate (I). Amid this strife of tongues, old age soon blights the once famous flower. An instant's dullness makes her threefold viler in men's eyes (XL). White hairs hasten upon her (LXXII): she is grown so frail that she can scarce bear the weight of her garments (LXVII). At last she dies and her dainty feet tread the wide path of hell (XLVII). But hell has no inn; where then can she rest? (XLVII). Perhaps a lover will cast paper-money on her tomb, so that bearing money to the Lord of Hell (XLVII), she may purchase a place in Heaven's sanctuary, far from repining (V).

It is a sad picture, with the pathos of an intense realism. The life here described is lived by thousands throughout the length and breadth of the Chinese Empire, and withal lived in so humble a resignation to that which these girls believe to be their predestined fate, as may well move the bystander to a deep admiration of the extraordinary solace which the Buddhist faith, imported from a foreign country, mistranslated, misunderstood, altered beyond all recognition of its author, still exercises over the peoples of the Eighteen Provinces.

V.

In the early half of the sixth century B.C. there lived in Nepâl, Çâkhyamuni Gáutama Buddha, a philosopher-prince. It was the ideal combination for which Plato, the Greek, was subsequently to prophesy a splendid destiny: and its realization in this case laid the foundations of a world-religion that has stood the test of two thousand five hundred years.

No stranger example of evolution is known in ecclesiastical history. Gáutama's doctrine was atheistic, for he taught that, since only known or knowable objects exist, and since all known or knowable objects are relations in a conscious subject to which they are presented through the channels of sense-perceptions, therefore man can have knowledge of nothing beyond his own percepts and is the cause to himself of these. But there is no sense-perception of the Gods or of an Absolute Being:

by implication, therefore, they do not exist. Again, since knowledge is relative and limited, the external world as an entity in itself disappears and a nihilism results; for, substance being illusion, when knowledge is extinct, all things are extinct, blown out like the flame of a candle. Such is the meaning of the term *nirváṇa*. In itself *nirváṇa* is neither good nor bad, for, being the extinction of knowledge, it cannot be qualified in terms of knowledge. But regarded from the standpoint of human beings, *nirváṇa* is bliss: for human life issues in desire, and desire in action: but action is suffering, for in acting man has become subject to the moral law, which is a law of retribution. Hence an evil action creates *karman*, or the doom of action, and, though at death the individual, who created the doom of his own action, perishes utterly—for individuality, being a form of substance, is like substance mere illusion—yet the *karman* survives to form a new individual who arises elsewhere to continue the existence of his predecessor. Herein is the sorrow of life: for during unnumbered ages mortal beings have desired and acted, ever increasing the doom of action and thus bequeathing to posterity a legacy of suffering. The complete remedy for this evil would be complete cessation from action: for, if a man does not act, he does not create *karman*, and therefore, when he comes to die, his whole being—intellectual, moral and physical—is extinguished without fear of rebirth. From such a point of view even penance and asceticism are discouraged, because all action is undesirable, and even good acts can only be considered as neutral: at best they do no harm and confer no benefit. In this world, however, complete cessation from action is not possible: nevertheless he who realizes the truth that action creates suffering and regulates his life accordingly will by his knowledge gain *nirváṇa*. Ignorance of this fundamental truth has been the reason why the sorrow of existence has not yet been annihilated in the cessation of consciousness. Enlightenment, or in the Sanskṛit word *buddhi*, is for men the road of salvation.

Such was the philosophy of Gáutama: atheistic, pessimistic, an ideal nihilism: without temples, idols, sacred books or ritual: without convents, monasteries or a system of penance. But in China, at the beginning of the twentieth century A. D., the religion of Buddha has developed into a polytheism with Buddha himself as chief divinity: it is optimistic, holding out positive hopes of a blissful existence in heaven: its temples and idols are countless: of its sacred books and liturgies there is no end: Buddhist nuns and monks are to be found in all the Eighteen Provinces, and a complex system of penances has been devised. There can be little doubt that Buddha would have denounced as gross superstition the religion which now masks itself under his name.

This is not the place to discuss the gradual steps which have brought about a change so startling: but it is necessary for the elucidation of these Songs to sketch the rough outlines of that phase of latter-day Buddhism, which is the comfort of their singers in life and in death.

The avowed object of Chîû Tsz-yung in writing the Cantonese Songs was 'to rescue all those who in crossing this world are suddenly sunk among the spells of the ocean of desire' (Author's preface). The author finds that the six channels of sense-perception (LXXXV) have become clogged with red mundane dust (XXX). Sight, hearing, smelling, tasting, touching and mental perception are alike impure. The three Souls—essential, reflex and practical—(XII. 6, 3) have fallen under the ban of predestined fate (II). Therefore men welter in the inexorable sea of desire (IX. 1, LXX). Desire is a debt of sin (XI. 2) and the cause of sorrow. But, if peace is to be attained, the soul's sorrow must be cast off (I. 1). The first step is, then, to probe in conscious knowledge the vanity of appearance (I. 2). This should be done circumspectly: haste is useless, because fate cannot be anticipated (II). Again and again comes the refrain—'Even then none too late' (V)—what is ordained must in its own time come to pass. The way to this mature knowledge lies through fast with prayer to Buddha and with reading of the Sûtras (VII). 'Never yet was a saint without fasting' (LXXXI. 6) is a household word in China. The reverent cult of Buddhist idols may also be of use (LXXXV): and it is desirable to entreat Kún-yam 觀音, Goddess of Mercy[1], for the use of Buddhist *gâthâs*, or hymns with a moral purport (XLVII). Kún-yam is especially the deity whom women should adore. She is the incarnation of Buddha as Sovereign Onlooker, *Avalokiteçvara*, who, according to the robust Chinese faith, was born as daughter of King Chong 莊王 of the Chau 周 dynasty (c. 696 B.C.), and was so determined to become a nun that she refused to marry, even though degraded by her father's command to perform menial duties in her convent. In anger, King Chong ordered her to be beheaded, but the sword was shattered without hurting her. Thereupon her father caused her to be stifled, but when the soul leaving her body descended into hell, hell forthwith changed to paradise. So in his own defence Yama 閻羅, the King of Hell, sent her back to life, whereupon she was miraculously transported on a lotus-flower to the island Potala 普陀, near Ningpo 甯波, and lived there for nine

[1] 觀音 is a typical Chinese mistranslation of a Buddhist term. The Sanskrit अवलोकितेश्वर = *avalokita-îçvara* means 'Onlooking Sovereign.' But the Chinese, ignoring the *samdhi* and the change of sibilant, subdivide *avalokita-svara* स्वर 'Onlooking Sound.'

years healing disease and saving mariners from shipwreck. It is, therefore, with peculiar fitness that this deity is invoked to rescue maidens drowning in the sea of bitterness and bring them safe to land in her Boat of Mercy (VII).

Closer to the teaching of Gáutama himself is the precept—'If quittance of sorrow there be, but quittance be not complete, then exercise yourself in secret charity' (I. 1). Sorrow is implicate in the self: unselfishness is, therefore, the primary condition of redemption. 'Each bears the doom of a former life: do not thou envy any man!' (II). The self is finite, transient and unreal; therefore an altruism which destroys the self and a charity which abrogates personal desire are necessarily most potent means of salvation. It is said that Buddha himself was first of all distinguished during his 550 previous births by self-forgetful and self-sacrificing charity.

The reward is in the life to come (I. 1). But this future life is very different from *nirváṇa*. Sin is punished in a multitude of hells under the superintendence of Yama, who triumphantly maintains in modern China the position assigned to him by the later Vedic mythology. More fortunate are they who because their tablets are set up in Buddha's temple may rely on Buddha's strength (XLVIII), or who mended their ways in a former life (IX) and are therefore reborn as monks or nuns (LXXIX. 1, 4). In the course of metempsychosis their asceticism may earn them a place in Tushita (Pref. X), where all Bodhisattvas are reborn before finally appearing on earth as Buddha. At last the purified soul is canonized a Buddha or a saint (XCIII), and transported to that Paradise in the West (LXXXV), where the saints revel for aeons in physical bliss. Here is, according to popular belief, the haven of final redemption from the penalties of transmigration.

VI.

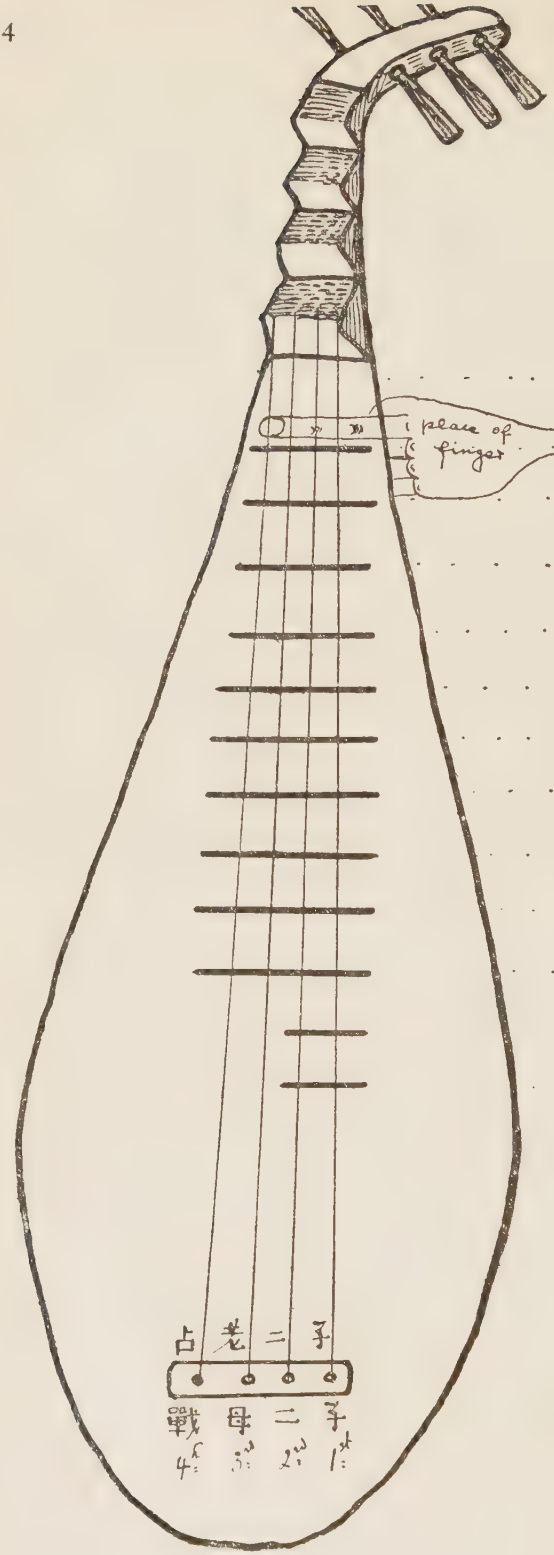
The Cantonese Songs are written in verse, which rimes, but is unfettered by metre, a style of prosody known to the Chinese as 謳 and commending itself as being the least elaborate of the three main divisions of Chinese metrification. The classical metre 詩 limits the number of characters in a line to five 五律詩, or seven 七律詩, which succeed each other in a definite tonic sequence and rime in the even tones which end the line. The second type of metre is known indifferently as 曲, 詞曲, or 詞, and presents analogies to the Greek choric metres with *στροφή* and *ἀντιστροφή*. Every *khuk* is divided into a strophe and an antistrophe, all lines in the strophe ending in one rime,

and all lines in the antistrophe in another rime. The lines are of unequal length, but the characters follow in a definite tone-sequence, while the antistrophe reproduces exactly both the length of each line and the sequence of tone in the strophe.

The 謳, on the contrary, ignores all tonic sequence, and permits its lines to be 'long or short at hazard, like those of *Chuk chí* (Pref. III, notes), though as a rule they are of approximately the same length until the last line but two is reached. This line is nearly always the shortest in the song and is usually commenced by the exclamation *ai* 唉, which seems almost to have a musical significance. The last line is generally the longest, perhaps also for musical reasons. All the lines of any given song end in the same rime, but the verses are evidently intended for singing rather than for reading or reciting. They are emphatically songs, not poems, and to a Chinaman are inseparable from the music to which they are set. It is with difficulty that a Cantonese who knows these songs well can be prevailed upon to read them in his ordinary tone of voice. He will instinctively begin to hum them over, and, unless ruthlessly prevented, he will soon burst out into song, accompanying himself, if possible, on the *phê-phâ* 琵琶 or Chinese guitar.

The Twelfth Preface professes to 'explain at a glance' the notation of Chinese guitar music: but, as this preface generally leaves its readers, whether Chinese or European, in complete mystification, it may be useful to collect the somewhat fragmentary scraps of knowledge obtainable on the subject of Chinese guitar music and to offer a conjectural interpretation of the preface itself.

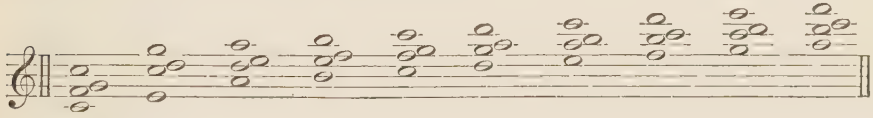
The accompanying diagram of the *phê-phâ* differs from that given by Mr. J. A. van Aalst on page 64 of his book (*Chinese Music*, Imperial Maritime Customs II, Special Series, No. 6), in having six pegs for strings instead of four, the 子 and 二 strings being generally doubled. But this is a modern innovation and there is little doubt that in the time of Chîû Tsz-yung guitars had four pegs only. The 子 string is a very fine silk string, *la chanterelle* of a violin. The 二 string is thicker; the 母 string is thicker still, and the string 戰 is like the third string, but with another string rolled round it. The strings if in tune are made to give four sounds. When 'empty,' i.e. when no fret is pressed by the fingers of the left hand, they give the sounds 合, 上, 尺, 六, which, if we admit that 合 is the European C, correspond to C, F, G, Ċ



	notes produced			
Empty.	合	上	尺	六
1st fret.	尺	合	四	尺
2nd „ .				
3rd „ .	工	四	乙	工
4th „ .	凡	乙	上	凡
5th „ .	六	上	尺	六
6th „ .	五	尺	工	五
7th „ .	乙	工	凡	乙
8th „ .	上	凡	六	上
9th „ .	尺	合	五	尺
10th „ .	工	五	乙	工
11th „ .				
12th „ .				

There are usually ten frets, but some *phê-phâ* have the two additional half-frets shown in the diagram: such *phê-phâ* are only used in connexion with the Chinese violin called *pang-tsz* 梆子. When pressing down the strings, the finger is not placed *on* the fret, but just *in front* of the fret (see diagram). But the finger is never placed before the second fret, presumably because in that position half-tones would be produced.

When the string is pressed down before the first fret the notes 尺, 合, 四, 尺 or G, Ċ, Ḍ, Ġ are produced; the third fret gives 工, 四, 乙, 工 or A, Ḍ, Ė, Ȧ; the fourth fret gives 凡, 乙, 上, 凡 or B, Ė, Ḟ, Ḃ; the fifth fret gives 六, 上, 尺, 六 or Ċ, Ḟ, Ġ, Ċ; the sixth fret gives 五, 尺, 工, 五 or Ḍ, Ġ, Ȧ, Ḍ; the seventh fret gives 乙, 工, 凡, 乙 or Ė, Ȧ, Ḃ, Ė; the eighth fret gives 上, 凡, 六, 上 or Ḟ, Ḃ, Ċ, Ḟ; the ninth fret gives 尺, 合, 五, 尺 or Ġ, Ċ, Ḍ, Ġ; and the tenth fret gives 工, 五, 乙, 工 or Ȧ, Ḍ, Ė, Ȧ. Thus:—



Empty { 1st 3rd 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th 10th — Finger pressed down before following fret:

It is, therefore, evident that nearly all the possible notes on the Chinese guitar can be produced in more than one way, viz.:—

The notes Ġ and Ȧ can be played on all four strings: the notes Ċ, Ḍ, Ė, Ḟ, Ḃ, Ċ and Ḍ on three strings and the notes G and Ė on two. So much can be verified by playing on *phê-phâ*, but the application of these facts to solve the meaning of the Twelfth Preface is only conjectural.

It appears to me that the words —琵琶字音旣多勢不得不分爲數樣 mean:—'Since the same note may be struck on the guitar in various ways, it has been found necessary to invent a special notation for guitar music.' The object of this special notation is primarily to distinguish between notes struck on the four strings. Thus, the Chinese gamut, which remains the same all over China, is written:—

合 四 乙 上 尺 工 凡 六 五
C D E F G A B C D

and these signs are used as they stand for notes played on the 子 string. But in order to specify a note played on the 二 string of the guitar the symbol 亻 is prefixed, e.g. 伕, 佾, 亿, &c. Similarly the 母 string is distinguished by the symbol 彳, e.g. 仜, 徐, &c.: and the 戰 string by 丆, e.g. 吞, 夭, 左, 夬, &c.

But besides this primary distinction it is necessary to distinguish between the higher and lower octaves. This is usually done in Chinese notation by prefixing the symbols 亻 and 彳 for one and two octaves higher respectively. But as these signs had already been adopted to differentiate the guitar-strings, a more elaborate system had to be contrived.

Thus, in the diagram given above (page 14), where the notation is written horizontally at the side of the guitar, the first step was to differentiate the notes given by the empty string; and this was done by enclosing the symbol in a square, e.g. 囚, 囚, 囜 and 囧. Next the lower and higher octaves on the *tsz* string were distinguished from each other by the use of different characters with the same sound, i.e. 六, 尺, 工, 凡, 六, 五, 乙, 上, 尺, 工 were differentiated as 囚, 咫, 公, 泛, 陸, 五, 乙, 上, 尺, 工. It is now possible to rewrite the diagram previously given, thus:—

Strings				Frets
4	3	2	1	
囧	囜	囚	囚	0
夭	伕	佾	咫	1
左	徜	亿	公	3
夬	亿	仜	泛	4
夭	仜	伕	陸	5
五	伕	仜	五	6
乞	仜	伒	乙	7
至	伒	伕	上	8
夭	伕	伍	尺	9
左	伍	亿	工	10

But here it will be at once apparent that the differentiation is only perfect in the case of notes on the *tsz* string: for on the second string the note 亿 occurs twice: on the third string the note 伕: and on the fourth string the notes 夫 and 工. It was, therefore, necessary to complete the differentiation by placing the lower of the duplicate notes in a circle, thus—㐄 and 亿: ㈠ and 伕: ㈡ and 夫: ㈢ and 工. So the final differentiation of guitar notes will be as follows:—

Strings				Frets
4	3	2	1	
囧	吕	囚	因	0
㈡	㈠	佩	咫	1
㈢	佩	㐄	公	3
夫	亿	仩	泛	4
云	仩	伏	陸	5
五	伏	仜	五	6
乙	仜	仉	乙	7
工	仉	伕	上	8
夫	伕	伍	尺	9
工	伍	亿	工	10

Evidently, therefore, the *tsz* string, having no duplicate notes, does not need circular help in differentiation; and, supposing that all my conjectures are correct, the above table may fairly be said to 'explain at a glance' the theory of guitar notation.

TRANSLATION

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

SINCE scholars, who tread the path of virtue, take eager pleasure in hearing of the faithful devotion described by the love-songs of Canton, my hope is that this little volume may serve to rescue all such as are sunk in this world among the spells of the ocean of desire.

Written in the 'Azure Sky' book-shop, in the ninth month of the sixth year of Tô Kwong (1828 A.D.).

SECOND PREFACE.

In the autumn of the year of grace 1828, in the eighth month, when the fifteenth day was already passed, when the cicalas chirped at the door, when the cool wind shook the curtains, Meng Shán, a retired scholar, was pleased to visit me. With downcast manner he sorrowfully said: 'These autumn sounds increase a man's melancholy! I pray you rid me thereof.' I replied: 'Aye, aye!' The scholar continued: 'My son, do you not observe the Pearl River? Jasmine carpets the fields: sandalwood builds the houses: for ten miles the river smells fragrant: its pearl houses are a thousand: each house, when the white sun sinks westward, displays red lanterns at evening-tide: garments chink and chime bedight with jewel pendants: the breath of flowers, instinct with primal life, floats around forming a vaporous mist: among diverse fashions of plump and slender, virtue's demeanour takes a myriad phases: pearl maidens and pearl youths in dainty joyance play the Chîû lyre: then, flushed with wine, with tingling ears they change to the melodies of Tshun: have you no pleasure in all this?'—Said I: 'Excellent in all excellence! But the sounds are not to my liking.'—Quoth the retired scholar: 'When the Lô-lung house-boats descend on the ebbing tide, when the lizard-skin drums strike the midnight hour, as the errant pleasure-boats gradually grow fewer, and the cold moon passes clear of the clouds: at such a time, coifed maidens set the lotus-roots on ice, slim fingers distribute oranges: the heart's oppression is scattered and swept away: pretty roundels are sung and Ng-country ballads form the

prelude: then, as the bright lamps change darkness into splendour, suddenly the pipes of Chhoa are blown: instantly the noise of men is silenced: has my son pleasure herein?'—I answered: 'Lovely in all loveliness! But not after my heart.'—The scholar replied: 'When the three stars of marriage are set in the sky, and a myriad sounds are hushed as the water: when the bright coifed tresses are already unbound at bed-time, and the perfume of ointment may be faintly scented: as comfort in the advance of the lapsing years, and as dirge in the tranquil length of the night: while pursuing the past of bygone events, and while thrilled in the present by passion's advent: even then, as you pour forth those southern songs, as you write of your reliance in a forlorn clue of hope, as your throat swells with singing and you beat the time of the music, as the melody yearns to ebb and yet flows back again, as you choke with suppressed emotion, yet stifle your grief, as the harmony wellnigh broken reunites: at such a time, when the moon at ocean's verge is fain to set, when over the river clouds cease to drift, when suddenly you lament your inexorable fate, who then can banish these sentiments?'—Said I: 'The southern songs thrill men through: their sounds are even as you describe. Can you compose such poems?'—Thereupon the retired scholar recited what he had written, in soft tones with long-drawn utterance. The theme was plaintive and gentle: the verses were graceful and passionate, such as Fán Yam has called sad enough to penetrate a man's heart and marrow, piteous enough to melt callous beauty. The reader need not wait for the songs of Hoa Mún, for already his green garment will surely be wet with tears.

The preface of Shek the Taoist.

THIRD PREFACE.

Born and bred in southern villages we ply the country speech:
Yet he who sings, even in the vulgar tongue, must take anxious thought.
The guitar's music breaks and reunites, as the notes sob into silence.
Our author makes his verses long or short at hazard, like to the *Chuk chí* songs.

Innumerable are the sorrows of parting, innumerable the passions of love:
For that predestined fate, like a dream, is not yet clearly manifest.
At the banquet who is iron of heart?
Who is unmoved as he hears you sing with head drooped bashfully?

The willow catkins are like men: maidens are like the willow-fibres:
Even ladies in famous bowers sing the theme of Sô-thoi.
The love-lorn bosom and grief-wrung heart-strings truly have naught whereon to rely.
The author pours forth a new song: let not the reader doubt his remedy.

Flies the flower-pen of Tsheng-chau's prefect,
Pausing to cunningly describe the feelings of maidens.
With infinite care it essays to perfect its charm of style.
Were the listeners but fools, yet would their soul melt in emotion.

Four stanzas, written by the 'Nurturer of Plum-blossoms,' on the theme of the Cantonese Love-songs.

FOURTH PREFACE.

As I clasp the guitar and set down the wine-cup, I listen to these dainty songs.
The while I muse o'er and o'er on the silken meshes of love, 'tis most hard to unclasp hands.
Wide, wide is the sea of lust: it is not easy to turn back therefrom.
But these songs tell of mutual grief and mutual pity: they seem to jest and they seem to warn, fearing to speak of pleasure, loving to speak of pain.
Rely ye, therefore, on close scrutiny:
Then may you take the vain vanity of beauty and cast it to drift into the eastern sea.

Who has composed these lyrics in dialect?
Had I met Yü-yöng betimes, I would have shown him this book for his anthology.
Methinks that the *Kwan hong* melodies, though elegant till lately, have already grown vulgar: while the Tshun tunes, though vigorous, lack softness.
Our author's songs choke with stifled anguish: they trip and throb, stop and subside: at sound of them the fish and dragons in the watery depths come forth to roam.
Know ye the reason?
The poet has woven into his song the loves of men and the whole world's epitome.

'The garden-saturating spring.' Written by the Fisherman beside the shoals where red smartweed grows.

FIFTH PREFACE.

With bent head the poet culled these songs: at his touch they blossomed into spring.
Now there is no awakening from passion: ever he eyes the fair maidens.
He rejoices in pleasure, but repines at its brevity: for brief it is as wind and sun at the water's brink.
He revels in utter joyance: yet is strangely stamped with the likeness of the dusty world.
When his verses are beautiful, their truth is more fully realized.
He slips past this externality of semblance, penetrating the inmost vitality of flower and herb.
Men say that he merits reading, and compare the new poem with the old classics.

Excerpts, collected from the Pattern Songs of Sz Hung, by the 'Fairy Guest in the Ninth Heaven.'

SIXTH PREFACE.

Bear round the wine and summon the song! Bethink you of high festivity!
Be true to your fame as scholar even in your carousal!
Standing in two rows, red-sleeved maidens burn the silver-white candles:
While, reclining tipsily beside the bottle, you recite these poems of Canton.
From ships to the east and boats to the west comes the noisy chorus of bright song:
Songs that whensoever I hear, I sigh for my helplessness.
As one gift I have sent her three hundred myriad bales of silk:
For I am powerless under the spell of her sidelong glances.
In the barter of a string of song pearls for a knot of passion,
Nám-pô of yore was chiefly famous.
To my grief the startled swan has vanished, leaving no shadow behind:
More reason that at the banquet you should not sing the songs of Wai Sheng.
In your former life you should have been incarnate as that Tô Muk-chi,

Whose wont it was to take new regrets and write them into new poems.
For ten years you have not dreamed the dreams of Yöng-chau:
'Tis easy then for autumn-frost to dot your temples with white hair.

Written by 'the Hidden Fisherman of the Village opposite.'

SEVENTH PREFACE.

Since the fall of one willow-blossom brings such sorrow to one heart,
When a myriad flowers flutter to their fall, anguish is the harder to control.
For my lord's sake my tears have flowed ceaselessly in a thousand lanes across my cheeks:
Thus I insert my grief in verses tearful as those of Yung Mún, and again I strike the lyre.

N.B.—I wrote these lines as a preface to the poem called 'Willow-blossoms' (Song XXXII), but subsequently I changed them into a preface to the whole of the Cantonese Songs.

Written by 'a Vulgar Fellow who ploughs the Vapours.'

EIGHTH PREFACE.

Iron castanets and brazen guitars are become a maiden's implements.
Adown the Pearl River 'tra la! tra la la!' the song thrills in my ear.
Your embroidered bag is a lavish repertory of the songs of bygone days:
But if you are over heedful of the dusty past, frost will bleach your temples.
At the fantastic banquet your song-throat has usurped pre-eminence.
The refinement, which Sô Nöng bequeathed to story, is as the scattered mists of spring.
Why does it fret you that your finger-nails taper like those of Má Kú?
Why fold your hands before Maitreya Buddha, whose mercy is as the clouds?
In a new tune and another stave you tell the story of Mok Shau.
Siû, her lover, is become a stranger, for that as the azure cloud is ingathered, so is his mistress gone:
Under the rafters of cassia-wood in the orchid bower she is become another's housewife.
In embroidered swaddling-clothes, with jade bangles, she fondles Oa Hau her babe.

Climb not upon the old-fashioned 'Faint Souls'' Bridge!
Look! the autumnal willow-trees at the bridge's head are half-stripped bare of leaves.
No one can sing the song of the 'Land of Flowers and Vapour.'
Wide, wide is the sea of bitterness: night and day it is in flood.
Written by the 'Retired Scholar of the Tek River.'

NINTH PREFACE.

These new poems, whose music might arrest the clouds, engross all joyance.
I remember how erstwhile in olden days I wandered near Sô-thoi.
To-night I am on the Pearl River, and o'er the river lies the moonshine:
While the notes of the flute thrill through sea and sky and autumn.

The gems of the water, and the skirts of the wind flash past the dance and the banquet,
Where yellow gold can scarce purchase the sonnets of Sít Thô:
But in passion's zenith were indited these poems, tender as the 'Record of Smoke and Flowers.'
In talent their poet is a genius, in bounty an angel

How paltry in fine is the rumour of splendour!
These wondrous songs we hear with thought-bent head are all too few.
'Tis not strange that such songs can cast out regret.
Some one has stolen and given them to Süt Yí to sing.

These dainty songs are like to those of the maiden loved by Tô and Wai:
As intoxicate, with sleeves all fragrant, she struck up the Spring Wind tune.
But, prithee, how many men are arbiters of song?
Even to-day we still praise the culture of Chau, the critic.
Written by 'the Scholar of the petal's fragrance.'

TENTH PREFACE.

For those born in the heaven of Tushita the scath of beauty is nullified:
What harm, then, if your person enter the assemblage of damask-silk maidens?

Our poet's joyance yields not greatly to that of Pák Shek:
For does he but blow the reed-pipe in companionship of Sîû-hung?
He disdains not that men call him light of love in the green arbours:
But, when lamp is red and wine flows fair, he devises new strains:
He holds a pen which can create flowers:
He writes fully of passion's apathy and passion's charm.
In skill of plying the country speech, he is become a school of poetry in himself.
Aye, at Khê-theng might he vie with the rival poets in grace and splendour:
For his poems are like the heart-breaking songs of Kong-chau:
Wherefore all men now vie in learning to handle the guitar.
By the banks of the Pearl River is the tavern of Free Complaisance:
Numberless are the beauties, who dwell therein.
They all rely upon these songs to rid them of their care,
To increase the growth of happiness, and not to beget pain.

Written by the 'Elf of the Gem Lake.'

ELEVENTH PREFACE.

Erstwhile, as I faced the east wind, I vied in singing the songs of Canton.
Most hard to forget is the speech of your old home.
I thank my master for cleansing throughly the ears attuned to the guitar
With a scroll of plum-blossom verses and a fragrant snow-white heart.
Not yet is the heart's fate ended: not yet is the end of passion.
Beside the wine, beneath the rush-light, I plainly hear the song.
Fresh is the mouthpiece, newly cauterized, and mellow as the oriole's throat:
And fain am I to take up the jewelled reed-pipe and woo its tones.
Your heart, tender as a woman's, portrays in miniature
Phases of sadness, phases of warning, and also phases of disdain.
Amain would you set us free from the heaven of passion:
So I turn and deride the Brahmans who deceive the white-robed nuns.
In happy hour I found these dainty songs to pledge the wine-flask on its round:

Beside them suddenly the tunes of Tshun and the airs of Chhoa seem lewd and loud. 14

I do but grieve that the strength of spring-love secretly is sapped.

When the willow-branch is snapped the soul of Shiû Shuk is ever wounded.

The preface of the deer-park.

TWELFTH PREFACE.

Since the notes of a guitar are many it is necessary to differentiate them by various symbols. Notes on the *tsz* string are like the words: the 'second' string prefixes 亻: the *mô* string prefixes 彳: while the *chín* string adds 丆. On the accompanying diagram the notes are written horizontally. For the *tsz* string notes lower than 尺工凡六 are written as 咫公泛陸. Duplicate notes add ◯. The note given by the empty string is enclosed in a square, e.g. 合. But the *tsz* string does not add ◯. The theory of the notation is now all explained: at a glance you may understand it.

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Song.	
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III.	Error in death.
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LXXIV.	Spring, flowers, autumn, moon (four parts).	XCVI.	Payment of flower-debts.
LXXV.	'Passion.'	XCVII.	Burn pure oil!
LXXVI.	The love-lorn willow (two parts).		
LXXVII.	Sorrow indelible.		
LXXVIII.	Sorrow's poignance.		

SONG I (1).

Quit ye the soul's sorrow!

Each soul has its sorrow: this ye ought first to quit and cast aside.
The soul's sorrow galls: quit it, then there is peace.
Wide, wide is the sea of bitterness: ill-fated be more than half therein:
But whoso find joy amid the bitter, theirs is an angel-spirit.
If woe and bitterness pass beyond sufferance, then 'tis an evil shift;
Though better than that hell which is the judge's gate: it were more grievous far.
Draw back but a step from your petty grief: ocean widens: heaven's void deepens: no need then to fret yourself.
The soul that can quit its thrall truly is as a land of boundless joy.
If quittance there be, but quittance be not complete, then exercise yourselves in secret charity.
Aye! But take count of all things:
The hoard of a good heart brings no hazard:
Look you! Its far reward is in the life to come, its near reward is beneath your eyes.

SONG I (2).

The soul's sorrow is hard to quit: but quit it ye must, till plainly ye part it from you.
The word 'quittance,' look it round and through, lighteneth wholly a myriad troubles.
Methinks that the soul's thousand sorrows have a thousand phases of malady as their witness:
Though, when the heart-ache is intense, it has no voice for men to hear.
Chiefly the word 'frenzy' drives disease in deep: likewise the word 'passion' has the taint of malady.
If frenzied thoughts be not discarded, then even magic medicines are of no avail.
In arbours of flower and willow it is most easy to be sense-enthralled.
So from Complaisant Thorp must ye come forth as wondrous warriors.

Probe in conscious knowledge the vanities of beauty, then verily ye are in the happy land.
But if long enthralled by flower and willow, ye will sink down to Sorrow City.
Ah! Needs must ye yourselves awake.
In the world naught is stable: 'tis as the nature of the willow-blossom,
Whose bent is ever to incline that way which the gale goeth.

SONG II.

The choice of a heart.

In the world it is hard to find a heart:
Can I but win his heart, then even in death will I follow in his quest.
At a glance I would test his heart's truth, by a glance I would foil his fraud.
When I have surely tested his true love, it will indeed be good to take counsel with him.
Fraud upon fraud! Fraud has made our heart empty: one and all we beware of the truant.
So, e'en if he come true-hearted to court me, I still will test him twice and thrice over.
Methinks that of ten thousand thousand guest-gallants they who give true love are not even one:
True passion's flotsam and fragments are more cruel to seek, than 'twere to dredge ocean for a needle.
Moreover, if thou canst find a true heart, one and all can find it too.
Between how many maids, then, say you, can a loyal gallant share his love?
Ponder little by little on predestined fate! Each man must meet it face to face. No need for your hastening.
Be content awhile with your lot.
Each bears the doom of his former life. Do not thou envy any man!

SONG III.

Error in death.

Ye err in yielding to death so easily: death it behoves to die in heart's sweetness,
Lest dying amiss ye should say, 'Would we could die once more!"

Some there be that should die, yet they steal life: verily living they regard not their fair fame:
Some there be whose due death is not: their dying is piteous indeed.
Methinks that truly death amiss and theft of life differ full widely.
These suffer insult and abuse of men: those edge my heart with sour sorrow.
Mostly, if a man die pre-eminent and glorious, then even life gives no such lustre.
Look you! The loyal minister, the faithful wife, in a myriad ages their story endures.
From of yore, when a girl made light of life, 'twas ever the word 'passion' that gave the clue.
When passion's bars are broken down, then must the word 'virtue' be set foremost.
Passion and faith, these two, a thousand aeons rarely see them consummate.
The proof is not far:
Ye see it in that which the 'Red Chamber Dream' tells of Sister Tertia and of Lau Söng-lin.

SONG IV.

The Spring's Oriole.

Whoso is heart-broken dreads to hear the oriole in the Spring-tide.
The oriole's voice moves men more readily to break their soul in sorrow.
Once radiant spring has come, already of itself it moves men to repine:
O Bird! Art thou then the more resolved with the Spring's aid to crush my heart?
Men say the bird's voice may give forgetfulness of sorrow. So I will even listen for a moment.
Think you that man can scarce compare with a bird: or cannot the birds vie with men?
See! he plumes himself on his speech-craft: aye, he speaks in wondrous wise:
Amid lovely scenes, he communes clearly with the spring.
Would that thou, O Bird, couldst in my stead speak a true saying, saying it to yon truant!
But I fear me that, though thou say a word of import and urgency, yet will he feign not to hear.

Would then that my soul could dream itself transfigured, and as a bird fly with thee in his quest!
When I find the truant, I will speak out frankly and hold him to reply.
Ah! truly desire is instant.
As I dream still I rest on my pillow.
But had not my dream's cry awakened me, then as companion had I gone with thee.

SONG V.

Thought-born desire.

In thought desire arises:
Desire arises, then I stifle my sorrow.
I cannot endure to mention that wayward youth:
When first we were acquaint, he said that naught would change his purpose.
Trusting him I said: 'Heaven is long, Earth old: you and I, we two, will rely each upon the other.'
Methinks that in choice of wit and beauty such as yours, verily I did not judge my lord amiss:
But vainly have I wasted the heart's passion, which I bore you in former days; since you could thus forsake me.
To-day I do but regret my forlorn life: I dare not regret that you, sir, are faithless.
Yet, if I be a royal flower in the Cassia Garden, why have urchins been suffered to snap my stalk?
You have wronged me: in mid-road you have left me standing, a jilted girl, alone.
If I ask what fate is in store, what destiny was fore-doomed, certes no mention should be made of you and me.
Now half my life is gone, you bid me choose another sweetheart: but it is in no wise easy.
Men when they open their lips call me a blighted willow or a bruised flower: no sound fruit will be my harvest-home.
Would that my love could cling round you to the last, deep-rooted as the cypress-tree:
So, when we met in the infernal realm, 'twould be manifest to my lover's ken.
Of a surety in the former life my fate had no share in yours, therefore to-day I see myself jilted in mid-road.

Ah! truly it savours ill.
Why must I still sojourn among life's vicissitudes?
'Twere better I died: that in heaven's sanctuary, far from repining, I might await my lord in the after-life—even then none too late.

SONG VI.

Fate the Miser.

I grieve that 'twas nightfall e'er we two were acquainted: well I see fate is a miser.
In the moment we met, we parted: truly I felt my heart burning.
Since the day of our seeing each other was so fair, why was a limit set upon our life together?
To-day the goose-borne missive laments the isolation of two homes.
How could I know in girlhood's hour that I should sink hitherwards, to suffer the hardship of wanton joys?
Night by night, tho' paired with a mate, I feel a very loneliness.
In my first remorse, I heard not thy warning, O my prince:
For wishing to pay my flower debts, in mistake I have fallen among men:
And, since I am fallen among men, needst must my eyes be discerning.
Moreover, I must have skill to choose aright.
In this world the number of those who pity flowers has indeed its limit.
But, if a man would prop up a fair flower, then with subtle care must he fence it round.

SONG VII.

The world of flowers.

Our world is of flowers, aye! of flowers. What matter's it?
Ah! Why need I compass so many a sinful act?
When I see before my eyes those that are plunged in distress, how coldly (think you) does it chill my heart!
Methinks that wanton joy is everywhere all of one kind.
'Twere better to hold the fast with prayer to Buddha, and go read the Sûtras.
So now with one pen-stroke I will blot out the word 'passion': then my desires will no more be such rebels.
Let me erase my debt of sin:

Thus I shall avoid loss of chastity and shall not sink down to yonder Sell-Smile Village.
Now morning and evening will I hold the fragrant sticks:
Also I must ever clasp my hands
In prayerful contemplation, penetrating the mask of beauty.
'Tis my purpose to escape from this sea of bitterness, and straightway win a seat in the Boat of Mercy.

SONG VIII.

The farewell feast.

Spiritless is the wine which speeds the parting at the farewell feast.
When the time for parting came, ten thousand thousand were my behests.
He said, he would not long be gone, e'er he sent a letter back to me.
Why, then, can I count on my finger-tips that till to-day a full half a year has passed?
In thought of him I weep tears: yet fear that some one may privily spy on me.
Thou loveless man! why dost thou harden thy heart so wilfully?
Then said I that day and night I would discard thought of thee.
Only I grieve that my soul meets thine in dreams and strives eagerly, eagerly, to embrace thee.
Tell me: how can I be like to that pair of swallows flying side by side?
Aye! They do not fly aimlessly: but in autumn they go and in spring they return:
'Twit! twit!' they whisper low as they meet among the flowers.

SONG IX.

A tale of woe.

Secretly I sigh: who knows of my woe?
From the time when we parted onwards, no day has brought me home a letter.
This present heartache is all because of you, my lord.
You teach your handmaid's soul to wanton all night long in dreams.
Ah! I think it needs must be that in a former life I did not mend my ways: therefore to-day contempt is my lot.
'Tis destined that rosy girls must be thus desolate and sad: I know not till when the sadness will endure.

You flout me, till I turn away from men that unseen I may wipe the tears from off my cheek.
I fear lest traces of grief should betray my love for you:
Yet have I no means to rid me of that one word 'sorrow.'
Ah! truly it savours ill.
O Heaven! Methinks thou shouldst wean us, thy children, from all partings.

SONG X.

A study of delirium.

I find it hard to study delirious passion.
When passion grows delirious, who is there that can awake therefrom?
In the world love's maladies are past counting.
But whoso, having vernal love in the heart, dares not disclose its presence,
If shyly silent in face of his darling, how can he net the marriage skein?
Truly no bitterness exceeds his, who, having a mouth, finds it hard to speak.
In fine his mood is that of a young boy or girl:
His heart is uncertain:
Therefore he finds it so hard to compass the close of so many adversities.

SONG XI (1).

A lament for fortune's frailty.

Man is lonely: the moon shines all the brighter.
Those sinful debts of the sea of lust and of the heaven of love are still unpaid.
Since parting and meeting, sorrow and gladness, have their season:
Why is there at all times a blight on famous flowers?
Look you! Yöng Fê's jade bones were buried beside the mountain track.
The grass remained green above Chhîû-kwan's tomb.
In fallen fortune Sîû Tsheng sadly mourns o'er her likeness.
Shap Nöng drank of misery abundant as water.
In fine, from birth to womanhood more than the half among rosy girls are ill-fated:
How much the more are we, flowers and paint of love's arbour, injured by lustful passions.

Since we are willow blossoms, more than the half of us are weak as water:
How can we learn to start stainless from the mire, ever displaying ourselves strong and pure?
I fear, I do but fear, that sad autumn will whirl the elm leaves into the golden well:
Therefore I must ever be as the winter plum-tree which steadfastly endures the spite of snow and frost.
Methinks in all four seasons flowers and trees are as a happy land.
Only sad men, in face of one another, gulp down their grief and stifle their words.
Ah! needs must I myself be wakeful.
Who can bear witness to fortune's frailty?
I were best recount my way of life o'er the Tomb of a Hundred Flowers.

SONG XI (2).

Lament fortune's frailty as you face the weeping willow!
To speed the old and greet the new is alike the work of that pair of mincing eyes.
See how pliantly she greets the wind, in how slim-waisted a fashion!
And see how a frown locks together her eyebrows: certes, her discontent is long lasting.
Pure, pure, the delicate body relies on the spring for nurture.
Only I grieve that it has suffered men's plucking and snapping: prithee, how should not my heart be wounded?
Though I be loth to wed the east-wind, yet my heart has no other bent.
Perforce must I bear men the grudge that I go from my country and forsake my village.
If you ask is passion short or long, in either case it is a debt of sin.
I fear the pain of parting: I cannot long endure its usages.
You flout my insensate love and drive me to the Yŏng Kwán gate.
Lightly drift my thoughts.
After the body has passed away, the heart's desire is perishable.
I were best shed my tears for the Hundred Flowers, and be transformed into a willow windblown on the face of the water.

SONG XI (3).

Lament fortune's frailty as you face the lotus-flower!
Would that I could, as thou canst, start flawless from the water.

I remember how wise men and pretty maidens come, for thy sake, to bribe the summer.
In lonely state stands thy jade body, like to fairy-land's magic blossoms.
So at due time thy value rises.
What luxury of splendour is in those thousand flushes of red, those myriad tints of green!
Moonshine on the water, flowers mirrored in the glass, I know not whether they are true or false:
The bruised leaf blown off by the autumn wind, I know not on what home it falls:
In likewise I know not what day will kill passion's seed and passion's root.
Ah! truly 'tis fearsome.
Water and fire can scarce annul our passions.
It may be that the mystic lotus-bowl can transform our buds whose root is in the ocean of sin.

SONG XI (4).

Lament fortune's frailty to the Dryandra tree!
Blown desolate a leaf deplores the autumn wind:
Still young and green, the new tendril knows a myriad kinds of grief:
Yet these same tendrils, after a slight shower, are wondrously transformed.
Leaves in their rustling perforce inspire the poet's dream:
Since, then, the minstrel ever devises his song under the greenwood shade:
As a bosom friend, betimes he should plant the Dryandra at his arbour's side,
Nor wait till its wood burns e'er he take cognizance thereof.
I grieve, I do but grieve, that, once autumn is come, leaves riot at random:
Prithee, where is the merit of infecting men with sorrow and anguish?
Nay, but your heart is ever the first to thrill in pity of fragrance and in mourning for the jewel.
I fear that the wind will blow to destruction my delicate form: send me betimes news of your pity.
Take minute thought! How many famous flowers can endure the weight of the frost films?
Ah! your care is used amiss.

At mention hereof my heart grows sorrowful.
From of yore the only tree, which, as autumn passed, feared no old age, was but the green fir deep hidden in the river glen.

SONG XI (5).

Lament fortune's frailty as you face the winter plum-tree!
How can I vie with you who alone usurp kingship of flowers?
Your ice-crusted skin and bones of jade make men to love you.
Though proud are your limbs, yet anywhere they can be planted.
High up, then, I set you in the round flower-vase: bashfully I face you.
Prithee, in how many past existences did your merits win you that crystal, gem-like form?
Lonely I cherish virtue of heart, though plunged in the ocean of sin.
Peers in my purity are the willow's weeping leaves, the lotus-flower, and the topaz-tree.
Methinks, that the famous flower is none so willing to be rifled by vagrant bees.
But patience is needful.
Leave the green hill unaltered!
When my flower debts are paid in full, then as of old I may reach the isles of bliss.

SONG XII (1).

Lorn of life.

With every faculty I reflect upon the ways of life.
As I face the royal heavens, I must ask them a question:
'Why does my lover sway fitfully, like a weak willow catkin in the wind?
'Why am I, a bruised flower on the water's surface, washed yet not pure?
'Since men seek amid domains of moon and wind for the happy land,
'Why then do I, in this cluster of vapour and of flowers, build me up Sorrow Town?'
Thus am I ever as Sîû Tsheng, who, since she saw not in her mirror the shadow of her former life,
Therefore made secret complaint to the vast heavens, asking their aid in her support.

Verily no medicine can heal disease within the heart.
Who will be my witness?
I myself confess my malady: then I myself take knowledge thereof.
Yes, the murderer of man's life is his own insensate passion.

SONG XII (2).

Truly I am lorn of life: in very deed I have suffered passion's impulse.
I know not to whom I should tell my tale of spring regret.
Although the green willow's bent be to draw upward the weak tendrils,
Yet mostly in Chŏng-thoi, when spring grows old, there is despair and chill poverty.
If there be wise men who praise our spring-wind faces,
All such have sympathy with us, because afflicted with disease like ours.
Who, say you, does not resent his fall to ruin in this place of wind and dust?
Mostly the bruised red blossom cannot flutter from beneath the inexorable sky:
Therefore it drifts desolate, as a swallow that has left her nest.
Ah! the wind is a wild fan.
I have lost my way and cut me a path through the jungle.
So all my life is a grave, entombed in a field of flowers.

SONG XII (3).

Truly I am lorn of life: in very deed I have suffered passion's grip.
That with you I swore to the ocean and made oath to the mountain, herein was my mind's error.
When the face turns backwards, a good dream seems but a picture,
Like to the bright moon on the water, or to the flower in the mirror.
Thought-pure as the plum-blossom, vainly have I wedded the east wind.
At the last my exceeding love is flouted, even as that of Ngok Luk-wá.
My hurt makes it the less easy for me to haul down my heart's fluttering pennon.
Meseems I should have died in your home, my lord.
In men's presence I dare not yet frankly speak my mind.
Ah! lord, ponder secretly hereon:

Were our oaths true or false?
My hope is you will soon embark upon the raft which at autumn-tides moors in the moon.

SONG XII (4).

Truly I am lorn of life: in very deed I have suffered passion's beckoning.
I am spurned to and fro like duckweed: thus it is that the waves tumble and toss me.
My lord, after your green garb was wet, then my sweetheart vanished.
Even had I a new song, I should blush to sing of Ním Nô the Beautiful.
I grieve, I do but grieve, that by the willow banks the transience of wind and moon is understood so easily.
Where, say you, has the full moon of the first month been a nightly visitant?
The moon sinks, the crow caws, men are full of care.
Truly the clouds scatter: joyance is like an ebbing tide.
Fain would I end my love for thee, but I know not when will be its ending.
Aye! our hearts look one into the other.
Bitterly I invoke the royal heavens.
Heaven! Why are these linked to those and then reft from them at the last?

SONG XII (5).

Truly I am lorn of life: in very deed I have suffered passion's frenzy.
The giant growth of my hidden love for you was wrong in its first beginning.
To-day no one passes over the lotus river.
On whom will my jade-mirror rely to paint my eyebrows with aniline?
Now the lamp is broken: the moon is waning: my sorrow knows no respite.
Even were there a sleep spirit, he could not charm away the tears that suffuse my autumn-glancing eyes.
So rain veils the Witches' Mountain. My spring dream is destroyed.
Like the partridge, I cry, cry in rapid complaint.
You have handed over to me the burden of your love-thoughts.
Ah! truly regret is wrong.

Heaven! thou shouldst have pity on us both.
Why need the doom of a marriage span, brief as dew, force on us fate's snapping and grinding?

SONG XII (6).

Truly I am lorn of life: in very deed I have suffered passion's wound.
Why, when my sweetheart is gone, do my words perforce grow garrulous?
When I say the two words—'Depart! Farewell!'—my three souls are dissolved:
Yet ever the sorest heart-wound is afterthought.
To-day the autumn waters and the tall rushes move your maid to wistfulness.
The man for whom I yearn is afar on the high seas.
Would that, when again I meet you, that day might wean your heart from turning elsewhere!
Then we, though butterflies in life, would in death be as a brace of teal.
Maybe on earth or in heaven I shall cancel this debt of sin.
Ah! my heart is lost in yearning.
I cannot forgo this desire.
Look you! sea and sky are illimitable: but an inch-space cabins my poor heart.

SONG XIII (1).

The nature of flowers.

Flowers in themselves are ever the same. How can they understand that the world's favour blows now hot, now cold?
Wondrously fragrant are flowers in a lover's eyes.
Alas! though flowers have marvellous beauty, it were hard to say that your handmaid is of mean countenance.
Yet why must he who looks at flowers be languid: while he who looks at me is impassioned?
It is the fashion of flowers to open year by year:
Moreover, flowers rely on heaven to determine their destiny.
Pity that, amid the domain of flowers and moon, I endure anguish to the end.
So then never a man, who pities flowers, is as constant in his passion as the water.

Gentleness, beauty, and fragrance full-blown, are but the consummation of a vain desire.
Flowers, as though pitying men's desolation, go with men as their mates.
'Tis said that your handmaid's face is fairer than a flower: but too high is such praise:
Yet, though one be beautiful as a flower, 'tis hard to fully gratify desire for union.
The world of flowers, aye of flowers, gives root to passion.
Such are the flowers.
I have not even yet repaid my debt of wanton joy.
Would that in my life-time I could quit the score, and follow virtue with you.

SONG XIII (2).

Flowers in themselves are ever the same. They know not either grief or gladness.
'Tis said that, though flowers fall, they open again in their season:
Yet timidly I beware lest, when spring grows old, the wind-prince of the East should spurn me:
Once fallen, how can I again be set upon my stalk?
Next spring's rain and dew are doubtless the next spring's care:
But, if once more you tarry the coming of green spring, then it will be too late.
Since I am fine as a fairy flower, maybe that some one will befriend me.
Needs must I take heed lest, when full-blown, I become the sport of butterflies.
Do you with pure purpose go warily in quest of a sweetheart.
I do not deceive you.
Ye that reach out to cull flowers, remember!
Though one among a hundred blossoms, pluck not in mistake the cinnamon rose.

SONG XIV.

Fate and passion.

Heaven! thou didst beget me so frail of fortune; why, then, hast thou begotten me so full of passion?
Weigh the word 'passion': a myriad things beside it are utter lightness

Methinks that in this world of men, to meet but once, this also is foredoomed in an earlier life.
Withal, how can I endure in a moment to part wholly from you, after so many years of amity?
Men, seeing that I bear you such lasting love, grieve that my life may be cut short.
Yet methinks, if my love be lasting, then, though my life be short, it is as fate ordained.
Now in a myriad matters I am light-hearted: I do but fear that you, sir, lack constancy.
I fear you will do me hurt, leaving all my body lorn as duckweed littered upon the water.
Would I might efface all memory of this haunt of vapour and of flowers, seeking out a happier region!
Then, though you flout me, yet I swear silence.
Bethink thee that I, a girl, am pure-hearted: why, O Moon, wilt thou do me no kindness?
Still must I trouble thee with prayer to unite us this once, lest I be utterly forlorn.
Our two infatuate dreams have so enthralled my senses, that I know not when I shall awake.
Ah! Truly I am a-fevered.
In bygone days I clasped you round the neck.
Why, then, as I look far and near, is the main chance still unconsummate?

SONG XV.

Tears.

Tears are hard to check: they sprinkle with moisture the lotus-stalks.
I remember how I wove my words with yours, when we stood by the ring-fence.
Look you! the whitewashed wall still keeps the lines which my lord wrote,
Even that lotus-flower song which, leaning against the fence, we sang together, you and I.
To-day the flowers reopen: why, then, are we mortals apart in two places?
I know not yet whether you fare ill or well upon your road: for never a day has brought home a letter from you.

How can you give me cause to indite with lotus-pen words of such lasting sorrow?
I cannot write fully of my heart's woe: it is endless as the unbroken lily fibre.
To-day regret broods o'er me here at the ring-fence, while I mention bygone things.
Ah! Memory brings sighing.
As I watch the bruised lily wither, so I muse on the hardness of this world's way.

SONG XVI.

The geese of the rivers Sîû and Söng.

Ye geese of the Rivers Sîû and Söng, that post all love-letters,
How stands the news from Hang-yöng?
O geese! With your clack and cackle you thrill into memory the fibres of my grief.
You flout me so that, when night comes on, I endure evil dreams beyond the fifth watch.
My spring garment is wet through with tears for my absent love.
Tell me, how can I wait till the Hop-phô River again yields pearls?
I cannot write in full the love-thoughts which I cherish for my lord.
Ah! passion is undying.
Where is he who clasped my hand?
Ye geese! He who knew my heart is gone! Bring ye to him, for my sake, these heart-broken verses!

SONG XVII.

Concord grass.

Concord grass is planted by the ring-fence:
It does but hope to be uprooted and set as companion to the peony.
How could I think that business of flowers would be so distraught and business of spring-love so languid?
That, withal, barriers and mountains should part my lord from me?
You have jilted your handmaid: you have flown off like the mateless goose.
Goose, oh! goose, in northern lands and under southern skies thou art inured to suffering:
But I, vagrant in love's green arbour, know my own heart-burning

The sky is cold: my sleeves are thin: I rest on the fence looking for your coming.
The west wind blows: the blinds are rolled up: I feel my own loneliness.
You, sir, in the lap of joy know not that your maid is so distressed.
For you my eyes are strained, my heart is broken; I forfeit sleep and forget my food.
In bygone days I warned you, while at home, that it was ill for us to be dragged apart.
How could I know that, errant on river and lake, you would be loth to turn homewards?
I bethink me that other lovers are ready enough to heed the counsel of their mistress:
But you flout my counsel: so secretly I wring my hands.
To-day my love is far away at heaven's verge: rarely can we see each other.
Ever and anon the pearling tears bedew my spring garment.
Thus I am afflicted with more sorrow and more sickness: I sigh as I clasp the guitar to my breast.
Ah! heaven yearns for nightfall.
At evening the mirror shows that my flower-face is impaired.
My lord! you may pluck blossoms right easily: but think how hard it is to plant the flower.

SONG XVIII.

Flowers are fair.

The face of flowers is so fair: why then day by day must it mask their sorrow?
A girl, though flower-faced, in very deed must blush before my lord.
Since your spring's radiance is so fair, I warn you let it not wane in waste.
E'er flouting me, you should reflect on former days:
How that I have suffered deep wounds enough, such as the word 'passion' strikes.
Could I think that my spring-dream would end to-day?
In bygone time I deemed you true-hearted: now I know you are but a sham willow.
I hear men's chill words saying that we shall be torn apart as the peacock from his mate.

The flowers' arbour, fragrant and lustrous, has in very deed been rifled by the bees.
Why, when I have crossed the Silver River, do you withdraw the Crows' Bridge?
If thus you act, your handmaid's suffering will indeed be cruel.
Ah! unseen I see you through.
Your heart's passion is not as of old.
My lord, even though you say not a syllable to me, yet to death I must follow in your quest.

SONG XIX.

How can my heart be tranquil?

My heart, my heart, how canst thou be tranquil? The silken thread is snapped in twain.
In a verse I mourn for the rosy bride: in a verse I mourn for my bridegroom.
The world can show such lasting love: why, then, must its harvest ever and ever be sterile?
You have taken and thrown into the river the mode of our old affection.
I kept pleasant companionship with you till my heart was pierced: but it was my friend who wedded me to woe.
Love consummated in hate, this I have often seen.
Consider how men treat you, my lord: then let my lord turn and think of me.
Think all over from the beginning! Then, well-a-day, spurn me from you.
Heaven help me! Whoso is light of love, him bring to ruin.
Ah! herein truly is no mistake.
Save me from the affliction of useless death, as I choke in anguish.

SONG XX.

A hurtful world.

Truly, truly it is a hurtful world! Why are you so eager to pay off old scores?
Vainly you have wasted the love my heart once bore you.
Because of my many plans for meeting you, I was fain to endure distress.

Recall the past! Look into the future! See whether I have ever slighted you.
Why, then, after so brief a parting, do you rival Wong Fûï in fickleness?
I must needs ask plainly who set you on, or whether in your own self this spirit took its birth.
Soldierlike you set an ambush: my heart is ill-content thereat.
Ah! passion is noisome.
With one knife-stroke I will cut us in twain and be rid of you: then I also need not brood in regret.
So! Had I given another the heart which I gave you, should I be sorrowing for lack of a true lover?

SONG XXI.

The gaiety of flowers.

Flowers in themselves are gay: from the moon advenes their sorrow.
O Moon! dost thou so pity fragrance? and wilt thou take away my life?
Methinks that spring-love's tryst is often mistimed: occasion is not so ready to hand.
I have made a covenant with my lover that he should bide my coming in the mid-decad of each month.
O Moon! art thou so full of passion? and fearest thou that we play-things of rouge and powder will never wive?
When thou, O Moon, art round, we flowers die: how many past lives (say you) have we spent unsanctified?
O Moon! In the year's four seasons, how many are the friends who pity our fragrance?
What fresh and dainty floweret but loves the moon to steal its perfume?
Sometimes, when fragrance wakens from her dream, the moon is still bright as the noonday.
Yet whoso laments fragrance in face of her shadow, feels but more easily the sad influence of autumn.
Would that thou, O Moon, night after night wert always round, and that flowers once full blown never passed away!
Ah! I know not whether the evergreen is true or sham emblem of our passion.
But, if true, then all is well. Myself would fain, life after life, be a flower planted in the moon.

SONG XXII.

Spring regrets.

Spring indeed has regrets: can the willow fail to know this?
Willow-tree! day by day thou art so apt to allure passion: what in fine will be the end?
Spring's advent perforce tinges the thoughts of those who are parted.
Pity that the spring wind, though scissor-keen, cannot sever love's silken thread.
But it impedes the jaded nag at the road-stage, so that the whip cannot stir him.
It impedes the maiden at her toilet in the broidered chamber, so that she is loth to go paint her eyebrows.
Truly I have handed over my spring-dreams to your trust.
Vainly you waste your forethought in random sympathy.
I fear that though year follow year, you will not inure yourself to the breath of the autumn-wind.
All your face is green and yellow: your lean limbs can scarce sustain you.
In that day you will desire to find the spring: but spring will pay you no heed.
Love is thinner than paper.
Sorrow's seed is sown in the ground of mutual thought.
Willow tree! though born and bred among men, do not go link thyself with such as love and leave thee.

SONG XXIII.

The love-lorn moon.

The love-lorn moon seems riveted to the side of the painted chamber.
O moon! In pity, belike, dost thou shine upon the partings of men.
My lover is at heaven's verge: yet thy servant's heart seems parted but a hair's breadth from him.
For our love-thoughts, though a myriad miles in length, are drawn tight at either end.
Day by day I think of my lord. Lord! I see not your return.
The twin carp have no way of posting to me your letters.
Month after month the moon grows round: how often have I seen it so!

In yon other land, have your eyes yearned for my grace and beauty?
Methinks that gad-about and stay-at-home have but the same memory.
Ah! I repine secretly.
I would, sir, that your heart's purpose may not change.
So at the last we shall see each other.
Then, beneath the flowers, you and I will again watch the moon grow round.

SONG XXIV.

The loveless moon.

The loveless moon is set in the inexorable sky.
When I think of you, I am loth that the moon should shine on my lonely sleep.
O Moon! at times thou dost dwindle; at times thou art full again:
Why then does my spouse, once gone, harden ever his heart towards me?
Plaintively I entreat the old man in the moon to come to my succour:
Even, when shining upon my lord, to ask him a question and see how he will retort.
If his heart is awry, and he remembers me no more,
Bid him lay hand on heart and look up to heaven.
Are you a man? Then you should not be so fickle of heart and mood.
You remember not the present, remember at least the past.
My heart is all day long racked in suspense because of my lord.
Tell me, how can I rival the graceful maiden in the moon?
If, when we two meet, I could see his heartless face as easily as does the moon,
I should not fear the length of the road:
Certes, I should go ask him plainly concerning his heart's purpose,
Lest I vainly flaunt in this mortal world a pretence of married love.

SONG XXV.

My heart.

My heart is but one. How can I give it to so many men?
Would that every man, seeing me, might come to hate me!
Then, even should I think of wantonness, it could not be my lot:
For, though I were in love, I'd have no way of planting passion's seed.

I grieve, I do but grieve, that I know not why I cannot make men hate me:
Wherefore men bear me such a grudge.
Whoso holds commerce with me, he loves me to death,
Yet wrongs me in making my whole body a flower-debt: I would fain ask my lover,
Whether it be possible that Pô-yuk was once incarnate in my body?
Ah! passion's seed (I say) must have a root, e'er it can be firmly planted.
Should I not be destined to marry, then, if infatuate with love, I shall but injure my bruised life.
You doubt? Then see how my eyes are more full of tears than were those of the maiden Lam Toi-yuk, who from girlhood so doted on Pô-yuk.
Truly 'tis irksome.
For, though you were constant to death, yet the hot flush of love lasts but a moment.
She paid in full her debt of tears, but even in death she did not meet her lover.

SONG XXVI.

The moon at heaven's verge.

The moon at heaven's verge is like a sickle hook;
Its shimmer floats on the long river and, nothing loth, flows down the stream.
O Moon! you have a time when your orb will be full: men can await that day.
Yet it is hard to check regret for the wane we see before our eyes.
Methinks, since human generations are so long-lived, they cannot all be towardly:
At its close a man's life, though goodly, yet has one phase of sorrow.
Look you! Man-kwan, new widowed, still goes in quest of a good match.
On the round fan of Pân Kê a lament for autumn is still inscribed.
Ah! my heart has pondered this throughly.
Wait till the mid-decade of the eighth month is past.
O Moon! thereafter your orb will surely grow round once more.

SONG XXVII.

The moon above the gable.

The moon above the gable seems riveted in the side of the pictured balcony.
O Moon! Why, when thou shinest upon men's partings, is thy own orb so perversely round?
Yet I am loth even to be like thee, whose consummation comes but once a month:
How much more, then, is my heart embittered because my love and I are set poles apart?
Men say a chattel, however good, must be cast aside: 'tis ill to dote thus upon anything:
For that the meeting which ends long parting knits love closer than in bygone days.
Though then my heart be thus spurned, yet it were hard indeed to sever my love.
For, chiefly, 'tis hard at nightfall to withhold my dreaming soul from madness.
Methinks death's parting and severance in life do not differ widely:
Therefore could I meet my lord a day earlier, then I would fain suffer my life to be shortened by a year.
Heaven! Though indeed good things are but the more ground down by evil, yet thou shouldest leave me a thread of hope.
Ah! Why can I not realize my reckoning?
'Twere better at the first never to have seen your face.
So should I have been spared a bequest of lifelong sorrow, while the moon constantly grows full before my eyes.

SONG XXVIII.

The mateless goose.

The goose flying alone startles into wakefulness the solitary sleeper.
Arising at the third watch I gaze sadly at the moon.
Then raising my head I question closely the nomad goose:
Whither away at dead of night?
Hen-bird and cock-bird ever fly together: thou, then, shouldst follow near thy mate.
But now thy shadow is solitary: thou appearest alone: prithee, what manner of quest is thine?

We, whose lover is far distant at heaven's verge, find it hard to meet:
Though we had wings, it still were hard to swoop and catch him in our talons.
No means have I of finding yon truant in my dreams:
And though with doleful cry thou stir me to wakefulness, yet brief are thy tidings.
Didst thou bring a letter from him, then I should be loth to blame thee.
Thou hast done amiss in waking me, yet bringing no letter: thou hast parted me from my lord in dreams.
Fain would I, if I found again a good dream, go in my lover's quest a-dreaming.
But I fear that in the vast waste of vapour and water there will be no vestige at all.
Ah! truly my flesh is eager.
Who feels pity for my anguish?
The sound of this band of geese has faded over Hang-yŏng: prithee, how wilt thou find the whole troop?

SONG XXIX.

The carrier goose.

O carrier goose! Bring me an answering letter!
If I see no answering letter from him, thou wert better not return.
To-day I see no reply: maybe his love has in fine its limit:
Or perchance thou bearest letters carelessly, and hast lost them in country-side or at city-barrier.
Should he be in deep sorrow, but indolent in writing letters;
Then, if he has unsent letters written in his mind, bring me the empty cover.
So will I, spreading out the blank paper, imagine it holds ten thousand, thousand words:
For each of our two hearts is as a mirror to the other's thoughts, even though no words be spoken.
This time I see no message of reply: letterless I see the goose return.
Ah! goose; ah! goose!
Thou art no certain presage of a letter-card.
Wait! I will likewise write him no reply: go now, visit my fickle lover!

SONG XXX.

The love-lorn geese.

The love-lorn geese fly southward two by two.
O geese! Why will ye still be wafted on autumn winds away so far?
Denizens of river and lake, ye ever nest male and female together.
But my love flouts me by sojourning a lonely shadow and a forlorn shape in a strange land.
The wind is fierce: his raiment scanty: yet I have no way by which to send him more:
His winter clothes I made are left wasted in an empty chamber.
Day by day I look towards the evening sun: then my grief is multiplied.
I do but see a fence of drooping willows locking in the long dyke:
And I have seen the whip-like shadow of a man in the fading daylight:
Many a time did I mistake it for my lover coming home.
Ah! I fall a-thinking.
I bethink me that it is indeed the red mundane dust which has clogged you.
O that, when clouds are all ingathered, and winds are still, I might one day rejoin you!

SONG XXXI (1).

The land of flowers and vapour.

The land of flowers and vapour! When I think thereof, my heart goes out in loathing.
How can I tell men the love-story of my middle-age?
Had good fate cast me in the mould of a fairy flower, I had not been planted in this soil.
But since I am planted amiss, I hope for change and transfer.
To-day I have tasted the flavour alike of flower and willow, wind and wave.
Moreover, if the haunts of pleasure are drained dry, the flower-stalk will but shrivel the more easily.
Since then my fate is frail as a flower, I secretly bemoan myself:
I reflect that age comes and flowers wither, therefore I must find something whereon I may rely.

Ah! methinks that, when flowers wither, there is hope that men will bury them: yet even that is rare.
So, while the bloom is full-blown, he should pity me; thus he would not spurn beauty's season.
I bethink me that he who does not matriculate in youth, will find it hard in old age to gain his degree.
Moreover, when autumn comes the plight of flowers is all, all evil.
To-day fate has destined me to be a flower; therefore meseems in bud and fall of blossom I shall pass my life.
Ask of the flowers:—'O Flowers, who loves you?'
Flowers have nothing selfish in their nature.
If flowers have love, then they must love to the end.
Wind, cloud, moon, dew,—of such stuff are our infatuate passions.
I set no store by the hate or love of those who praise flowers:
For magic is my seed.
Stay then! nor die for the sake of vulgar passion.
Because I chance to be paying my flower-debts, hence am I for the nonce cut off from fairyland.

SONG XXXI (2).

In the land of flower and smoke there is a wide, wide sea of bitterness.
Though you search, yet it is hard to find a lover therein.
'Tis but payment of our flower-debts, to welcome the new and speed the old.
Are there any who pity gems and grieve for fragrance?
In the war of wanton joy, I bethought myself from the first,
That, though my sweetheart wrong me, yet till death I shall scarce forget him.
At times I spurn him: my face shows no outward sign of my thought's trend.
Only in my heart, when I think of you, I suffer hidden misery.
To-day in loneliness I vainly turn towards smoke and flower.
Ah! Stop these wild desires!
Though my heart is one with yours, I find it hard to speak.
I trow, I will not flout your constant love.

SONG XXXII.

Willow-blossoms.

At random rain my tears: my tears all fall for willow-blossoms.
How many a sorrow and regret have you recorded in your heart of hearts!
Methinks that I reck nothing, when other flowers are blown:
Since it is you alone who for men's sake suffer distress from fortune's frailty.
They say the land of fragrance is so resplendent that truly it passes price:
How, then, can I tamely let the mad wind blow its flowers petal from petal, making it viler than mud or sand?
See! the moon's orb is so round, yet must its outline change—
A thousand pieces of gold cannot buy ninety years of youthfulness.
Did I counsel you to test and destroy your spring-love, 'twere false to say you would not bear me the grudge.
You open the flood-gates of sorrow: but vain are your sighs.
'Twere better that I, an ill-fated willow-blossom, should join my sobs with yours.
Ah! Let the wind whirl!
The fallen catkins have no wish for change.
Stay! Let my tears flow for you, ye myriad flowers, like rain o'er the whole horizon.

SONG XXXIII.

Mirrored flowers.

I am loth to look in my mirror: I would fain not envy the flowers.
The flowers' shadow on the bright mirror is but as a transient rainbow haze.
The mirror pities fragrance, therefore it loves flowers to form its picture.
The flowers' eyes have secretly fallen asleep, thus making the mirror their home.
Sometimes the flowers can converse, then I bid them speak with me in the pier-glass.
If by good chance the flowers love waiting at toilet, so may we gaze upon them.

Have you a mirror, but no flowers? then spring's colour loses in value.
Have you flowers, but no mirror? then spring-love's faith will be hard to test.
How comes it that the mirror's orb is always perfect, yet the flowers are not wed?
Ah! Is it true or false?
Look you! The cassia shadow in eternal spring loves ever the splendour of the moon.

SONG XXXIV.

The tears of flowers.

The flowers have tears: the moon herself is scathless.
O Moon, thou seest how shrunken our flower-face has grown.
Pity that when thou, O Moon, art full, we flowers are wont to fade.
So, though thy cassia be fragrant and thine orb be round, thou hast a shadow but no root in reality.
Methinks the season of blossoming is but one score and four solar terms: how easy it is, then, to reach the end thereof!
The shock of wild wind and quick rain drives broken my whole body.
In that day thou, in the ninth heaven beyond the clouds, still wilt bear the heart's mutual imprint.
Albeit thou seek east and west, how canst thou save us from falling in a littered mat of petals?
Say not that the transient flowers and vapour are of no moment.
I only grieve that I have suffered men to pluck me down and snap me: I cannot but think of my past fate.
Now the cloud-roads are so distant, that I know entreaty to be useless.
Ah! my heart is impatient.
Let me ask of the lovely Maid in the Moon:
'Prithee, how spacious is the mansion of Kwong Hon Kung, that it can entomb so many masterless flower-spirits?'

SONG XXXV (1)

How easy it is!

As I clasp the guitar in my hands, a hundred emotions thrill me with sadness.
Why, when age comes, is not passion consonant therewith?
Once youth has gone, its very mention irks.

If you mention it, yourself you feel the sting.
Till now infatuate I was loth to pay heed hereto:
But to-day I myself abhor the sight of my complexion in the mirror.
Men say, when wanton pleasure grows old, it still merits reliance:
For, lo! the bruised chrysanthemum has still some stalks that defy the frost.
The world corporeal wags waveringly, why strive to fulfil my ambition?
As the tide's ebbing, so the flowers' fading is without bound or date.
A myriad phases of affection cease from to-day.
All is savourless.
How easy it is to sigh!
Wait till, with tears and passion intermingled, I rehearse the story of past time.

SONG XXXV (2).

How easy is sin amid green arbours!
In the joyous abode of song and dance all traffic has ceased.
Heaven ordained that frail should be the fortune of rosy girlhood:
Therefore, I refrain and keep low my passionate nature; I copy gentleness for the nonce.
Till now the spring-vapours had bewitched the Chöng-thoi Willow.
Though thrice a day she rise to receive her guests and thrice she sleep with them, still she feels no shame.
In the past she greeted new lovers, now she speeds the old.
Butterflies love quest of fragrance; how can they be content?
I do but think that, if I buy up the green spring and take hold thereof,
Then, even when the gray clouds lock close together, I shall know no autumn.
Again, say not that willow-blossoms can find pity after their bodies have died.
My heart has thought this through.
As I speak I have suffered the wind to bear me along:
Thus I am transformed into duckweed drifting adown the stream.

SONG XXXV (3).

How easy it is to get drunken on a thousand bowls of wine,
When passion is so deep, and the flavour is so strong!
Methinks, the seed of distress surely is planted in a former life.

He whose love is firmly rooted will be loth to let its hold grow lax.
In his cups a man should prize soberness as a jewel.
Say not that, when soul is bemused and heart in riot, then man and woman are in harmony.
In fine, the place of joy is turbid as a dream in its transience.
When tables are drawn and guests go home, a myriad matters grow empty of import.
In bearing round the wineglass and offering the cup, emotion is intense.
But, prithee, how long will the bloom of the peach-blossom redden in my cheeks?
To-day I know not whom I can trust to drain with me the flushed bumper and the brimming wine.
Ah! Where is the use?
E'er ever I drink, my heart is sore.
'Tis a whole life's legacy of sorrow, to have erred into the company of flowers.

SONG XXXV (4).

How easy it is to unmoor the ship from the willow bank!
Both oars are of maple wood: the crew are fairies.
The east wind blows favourably for me:
It wafts my lover to my presence.
The teal rest together: all men envy them.
As two beads of bright pearl are traversed by a single thread,
So my whole desire is ever to see my master's face.
This life knots upon us the doom of our after-life,
Even as the root-fibres of the lily are bound up in the same birth as the petals of the lily-flower.
Since then one body with a single root abides unchanged,
I never thought that the shadow of your sail would thus turn the windings of the River Sŏng.
'Tis hard to fulfil my wish.
As the kite snaps its string, when taut,
So you have jilted me to fall here at heaven's verge. Truly 'tis pitiful!

SONG XXXV (5).

How easy it is for the gay clouds to scatter and fly!
In an instant the spring sail must depart.
What man is he who fain would part branches that are intertwined?
When such a crisis comes, what measures can avail?
Betimes I learned that to sever love was no light or easy task.
Why did you at the first protect me with might and main?
Yet to-day have I sped your parting, wordless but in tears.
The parting lover snaps off a thousand willow-twigs:
And from of yore the road-stage has been a place of heart-ache.
Will any time, say you, hereafter be appointed for our meeting?
Since silk fans tarry their disuse at autumn's close,
Ah! I groan for my niggard fate.
'Tis easy for the wanton clouds to scatter.
But in that day, though you wish to go, it will be hard to part: even regret will come too late.

SONG XXXV (6).

How easy it is for the hair on either temple to grow grey with age!
Is there any man whose heedful heart remembers the Pearl maid of bygone days?
Autumn winds time on time increase annoyance.
'Tis a single night's frost that has shrouded all the ship's prow with white.
The lute's four strings are dried up: scarce can a tone be drawn from them.
Yet, though you swept your passion's depth from out the chords, I fear you will but tinge your mind with enduring grief.
How many another has sunk into my plight!
They that remember not the past, are neither bruised nor wounded.
The end of a fair flower is but to be littered by the wind at last.
Tell me, how can I hold in check the vagrant butterflies and the mad bees?
Hereafter I shall be forlorn with naught whereon to rely.
Ah! I sing softly to myself.
I have paid off my debt of wanton joy:
Yet you flout me, till, clasping the guitar in my hands, I sadly face the sunset.

SONG XXXVI.

Ebb-tide.

The waters may ebb and may again flow back.
O waters, that ebb and again flow back! I see how day and night ye take no rest.
'Tis an old saw that, when the time of parting comes, it is hard to unclasp hands.
Why then, since our parting, has my love sojourned elsewhere till now?
In fine there is a term of seasons which govern the meetings of men in this world:
Thus the flower-season is the springtide: while the moon reaches her fullness in mid-autumn.
At first I was in deadly fear that passion would not persist.
Once the talk is of deep passion, the future is no more regarded.
In my view rare meetings and frequent partings do but heighten passion.
Ah! my lord, think it through!
If day by day we dote upon each other, how can we resemble the stars of the Cowherd and the Spinning Maid?

SONG XXXVII.

The flowers' fall.

Flowers fall easily, and as easily they open.
How often, prithee, can you see a bloom so lovely?
I sorely fear that fair flowers will not be open long:
And when I think of the flowers' decay, I had rather they never bloomed at all.
A flower-face, howsoever beautiful, must change at last.
Look you! when the flower falls from the twig-top, how can it be set upon its stalk again?
In the end, if you plant passion's root, then lovely are the flowers.
Yet I fear lest the twin blossoms of fair flowers be sundered in their planting.
The fresh flower is so fair, I fear the vagrant bees will ravish it.
Masterless the fallen flowers feel themselves grow numb.
I remember how before the flowers we swore an oath, saying, that our love should be one.

How could I then, reclining on flowers and steeped in wine, think that there are truants such as Wong Fui?
Would we could find the flower-spirit and hale him off to our questioning!
Ah! the flowers are but in the mirror.
Is it, after all, true passion or false love?
Prithee, what, in fine, is the birthright of beings frail-fated as the peach-blossom?

SONG XXXVIII.

A butterfly dream.

The butterflies dream: they dream of circling round the flowers.
Butterfly! 'Tis because you lust to ravish the famous flowers, that your dream is so frenzied.
Methinks, when mortal man meets passion madness, then even his pure dreams turn riotous.
Once the soul is bemused and the heart intoxicate, then its dream is of the sea of sin and of the heaven of passion.
Moreover, when love wins union, how can the insensate dream believe its brevity?
Indeed, it behoves you to seek for sweet dreams, and in the dream be close united:
Then day by day, and evening after evening, in dreams you will form a fairy family.
When soul-bereft I lie upon my pillow, I become in dreams peer of the wandering fairies.
Lo! his fantastic dreams are so steeped in trance, that, though I shout, he does not turn back.
The teal are wont, in united dream, to change into twin lotus-flowers on a single stalk.
Nay, say not that dream visions are in essence unsubstantial, and that human things may change.
How can I think that my spring-dream is but a transient cloud-vapour?
In fine, though dream-land be pleasure-land, I warn you cease from doting thereon.
Ah! the flower-dream easily is broken.
To-day, as I wake from my dream, my love is gone far away.
I grieve, I do but grieve, that the man of my heart was bound to me only by a dream-destiny.

SONG XXXIX.

The waxing moon.

Flowers fall easily: but the moon toilfully waxes round.
Flowers and moon have deep passion, therefore they are involved in this dire distress.
Flowers and moon of themselves are passionless, but men go doting upon them.
I grieve, I do but grieve, that both alike age men's faces so hastily, and infect men with pity.
If flowers have passion, then sadly they gaze at the moon.
O Moon! thou waxest round with such toil, how canst thou fail to make my heart sour?
If the moon knew how to pity fragrance, would she be willing to think slightingly of flowers?
But if the moon's orb shine upon you long, then, though the flowers fade, yet you are in heart's ease.
Though in all there be twelve months of the year, thine orb, O Moon, only twelve times waxes round:
And though flowers bloom in all four seasons, yet only for a moment they are fresh.
Since we are frail-fated as flowers, it is hard for us, O Moon, to look thee in the face:
If I look, yet when my blossom opens before thee, I fear thou wilt have lost half thine orb.
Though the moon wax round so toilfully, yet it is full, meseems, only for a day.
When the flowers fade, men wait till they reopen, but a whole year intervenes.
When our lover is far off at heaven's verge, then we lament ourselves to flowers and moon.
Ah! the heart's thread is tangled.
My eyes are strained: my heart is like to break.
My lord, I ever fear that constantly the open flowers will fall before your eyes, and constantly the waning moon wax round.

SONG XL.

On Predestination.

Prithee, ponder a moment on predestined fate.
Why do I, in this life, sink into the red mundane dust?
Methinks committal to the world in woman's sex of itself is pitiable.
The more, then, in green arbours does a girl suffer breaking of stalk and lack of root.
Splendour's glamour lasts but during wassail over of the wine.
Wait till the guests scatter and the lamp grows cold, then you will feel heart-broken.
If I have a guest-gallant, then I am styled 'my lady': if none, then I am degraded.
An instant's dullness makes me threefold viler.
If haply you meet an impassioned guest, then you still have some reliance.
But sorely I fear those unloving drunkards; they are as a blighting pest.
In fine, 'twas from the day when I sank into the green arbour, that I sowed the seed of remorse.
Ah! Let me vent my spite!
Withal we must endure till flowers are bruised and tears run dry: e'er we have lived a single human life.

SONG XLI.

Repentance.

Truly I also am ill-content.
Think you my love's lightness casts a slur on you?
Wait! my passion's mood is veering round, now I'll be good to you, and none too late.
Folk say that, if wine be choice, you must drain half the bottle e'er you know its flavour.
Since erstwhile my ears were weak to your cozening, therefore I am so infatuate.
To-day, though the river water be so deep, yet together you and I must punt our craft to the end.
Ah! Almost half my life is spent.
'Twas not my reckoning to live without you.
As thoughtfully I muse how once your heart's care guarded me, tell me, how can I venture to ill-treat you?

SONG XLII.

Virtuous maid and loving man.

Why is your wrath so hasty? At sight of me your heart takes fire at once.
Long have we been acquainted: often have we been wroth.
I have been wroth with you and have been reconciled again: now even the word 'passion' cloys.
My lord, since your wrath is thus constant, certes I feel hardly used.
Submissive I have bent the neck too humbly: so I fear me that I have made sport for the passion of your nature.
In mine own despite I spoke out once in wrath with you, lest your cruelty should grow too savage.
Maybe hereafter you will take thought, and listen again to my warning.
Now let us follow anew the way of friendship, avoiding other men's blame:
For I have seen that between us two there is concord, therefore I cannot endure to part from you and choose another.
Though I have ever shown wrath toward you in my face, yet have I set you in my heart.
Would I could display my heart's emotion, so that it might follow my lord and pass before his eyes!
Then I shall but grieve that it was nightfall e'er we saw each other.
Henceforth let not us two unclasp hands; we must ever be virtuous maid and loving man.

SONG XLIII.

The bane of heat.

A baneful thing is such heat: from heat's excess is born the wind.
Methinks the weather of the sky and the affairs of men are in the main alike.
You doubt? Then, look! when for a length of days the wind has veered southward, a cold gust speeds along.
So, though devoted to your lover, you must part, and for a while you must let each other go.
Methinks that in human life there are occasions of union, which it is not in your power to forgo.

Year by year the seventh night of the seventh moon is a date of meeting.
Folk say that meeting for but a single day is useless:
A day has twelve hours only, how can one therein tell the full tale of the heart's sadness?
But I say that meeting for a day should not be deemed useless:
Year by year a single day will in length of days bring its guerdon.
Would men could imitate the Seven Sisters in love's longevity, that union might last for a thousand years.
Herein is true passion's test:
That parting comes but in life and not in death. Marvellous is such love's strength.

SONG XLIV.

Detain your guest.

If you must needs be gone, you should not to-day have set out hitherwards.
Despite myself I part from you, lest I suffer distress time upon time.
Men say that we flowers of the wilderness, however fair, yet are of no value.
Why then does youth in lust of flowers dote on the wild blossoms?
My lover, though high of worth, yet is another's husband.
Hence passion's transport in the wanton must needs excite resentment in the wife.
I were best sever passion's silk thread and escape from memory of you:
So, when I can no longer see my lover's face, let me sob with sighs by day and night.
'Tis hard for you and me to repress our love.
Well met are we after long parting: how, then, tell me, could I bear to leave you and go home?
Not one in a thousand lives with his love: not one in a thousand is constant to the end.
Ah! truly the world is baneful.
You and I each have one who constrains us not to meet.
In life I could not share your coverlet: but in death we shall be united.

SONG XLV.

A settled heart.

You must set firm your heart: away with hesitation!
Can I but find a consenting mind and a concordant love, then with all my soul I shall yearn thereafter.
Smoke and flowers in fine are no land of lasting love.
One day the flowers will be bruised, then I fear they will suffer the butterfly's disdain.
It savours ill that those wild butterflies should ravish flowers:
They do not ravish the fresh flowers, though so fair: wilfully they perch on the wild flowers.
Thus, when fairy flower meets elfin butterfly, then they two grow sweethearts:
Hence, under deadly doom, anxious of heart, I watch their flitting.
Sometimes with deep guile and cold eyes man still makes trial of man:
So falsely some feign to ravish the bruised flowers for a test whether they know or not.
Say not that the seed of our fairy flowers issues neither in root nor life!
I watch the way of your coming; then betimes I espy my chance.
I know, but feign ignorance: thus I go to test you.
Wilfully before the wind I wave to and fro, as if I had naught whereon to rely.
Ah! needs must we understand each other.
I have suffered overmuch distress: maybe your presence beside me will lessen my melancholy.
My heart dies because of you.
They who lust for flowers stand outside my door.
Butterfly! If thou hast the heart to ravish me, wait till my bloom is full-blown: even then it will not be too late.

SONG XLVI.

Your handmaid awaits you.

What do you decide? Why are you in doubt?
If you cannot redeem your handmaid, you were better have told me betimes.

I trow that my tarrying for my lord till now has sunk me into yon place of flowers and vapour.
So, were I fain to follow a man up the bank of safety, what chance have I now?
I did but hope to converse with you of sorrow and gladness, to talk of bygone things.
How could I know that you would lose your purpose and utterly nullify all thought of returning home.
Verily some one has incited you to vent your anger upon me.
You say that my nature is as water, and that like willow-blossom I drift adown the waves.
But now that my words are very purity, you pay me little heed.
Only heaven knows the myriad threads of my sad thoughts.
Moreover, far and near 'tis known full well that your handmaid awaits you.
To-day in mid-road you cast my hand from yours. Therefore I have nothing whereon to rely.
Vainly I have wasted the heart's emotion which I gave you in bygone time: To-day I suffer you to deal with me as you please.
Say not that, if you ask your heart, you are ill content: even were I dead, such deceit were hard.
Yet till I see you face to face and speak fully of my heart's bitterness, death cannot close my eyes.
My lord, if you have the heart to pity me, you were best set out hitherwards betimes.
If I see you face to face and speak fully of my heart's bitterness, I shall reck little even of death.
Ah! Away with hindrances!
Yet if I meet you an hour earlier, then meseems I shall but part from you an hour the sooner.

SONG XLVII.

Dirge for Tshau Heï.

I hear them say that you are dead: yet indeed I am in doubt.
How came you, so insensate, to make light of life?
You died for your gallant? Then I cannot grudge your death.
You died for your debts? Then tell me, how can I fail to be grief-stricken?
In your life-time you accounted me your sweetheart: therefore you should have taken counsel with me:

Why, then, though our love was united for three and two months, did you say no word?
You have flung into the water that passion of days gone by.
Now, though I burn gold and silver, I avail not to carry it to the Lord of Hell.
'Tis pity that I jilted you to drift all your life long among green arbours.
In the place of flowers and vapour never a day smoothes care from the brow:
Yet since your name is called 'Autumn Joy,'
I do but hope that, when autumn comes, we shall have joy once more.
Why, now the winter solstice is just passed, do I suffer spite of snow and hail?
To-day, weak as the spring breeze, I can make no effort to aid you:
Aye! fallen flowers are masterless; therefore they are buried in the slough of spring.
If hereafter your passions dream dreams, you should transmit them to me ever and anon:
So perchance I may devote all my poor heart to solace of my dead mistress.
Wide, wide is the path of hell: yet your two feet are so dainty:
Hell has no inn: at whose house, prithee, will you rest?
I know not whom you trust to worship your white bones upon the green hill-side.
Lest beneath fragile willow and under the waning moon you hear but the cuckoo's empty call.
Perchance you have no sweetheart to cast paper-money on your tomb.
So at the Tsheng-meng festival you will miss in vain the paper-money which flits round other graves.
Yes, you were best have been a virtuous wife, that I might have set your tablet in Buddha's shrine.
Thus your spirit, forlorn and masterless, might have leaned on Buddha's strength.
It were well for you to entreat that Thsz Wan may grant you the Buddhist invocations:
Then, transformed in the next life, you can swear to be no chance-comer's bride.
If your sin-debts are unpaid, you will again be doomed to the haunt of flower and rouge:

Therefore you should choose you a true lover, and betimes spy out your chance.
If the union of my love-fate with yours remain unbroken, I will yet find a trysting-day.
Forget it not!
Bethink you of our past love's devotion.
Can I but converse with you till we be soul-absorbed, if then I pass through death with you, it will not be too late.

SONG XLVIII.

The wounded spring.

The bird cries; the flower falls; the spring has a hidden wound.
The man in old age, as he muses over the bruised flower, feels broken in spirit.
Green spring itself believes that there are those who pity its sadness:
Yet I fear that we, playthings of rouge and powder, must drift desolate all our life long.
I cannot tell whose love is strong, or whose is fickle.
Commonly a perverse fate betrays the rosy girl to heartless men.
To-day the butterfly is gone, deserting an open flower: on whom, then, can I rely?
Ah! my throat is stifled with sobbing.
When I think how the jade-jewel is shattered and fragrance buried, I cannot check the tears which fall from my two eyes.

SONG XLIX.

The butterfly in the flower's heart.

A butterfly, settled in the heart of a flower, will not fly away for all that you would expel him.
He ever lusts after the gloss of fragrance: in very deed the flowers cast their spell on him.
The flowers, because they have passion, pity the courier butterflies.
The butterflies, because of their gaiety, become so impassioned.
In fine the dalliance of flowers with butterflies hath a savour of likeness.
Ah! willingly would I die!
You bid me cut my love's cord: truly it is no easy task,
Unless so be that the butterfly is dead and the flower crushed: then indeed the final day has come.

SONG L.

The lamp moth.

Say not that you have no fear of the fire! Look at yonder fire-scorched lamp moth!
Hither and thither it flies: but still it must grope to its fall down the deep chasm.
Of deep and shallow alike it has no knowledge, therefore all night long it goes groping,
With dazed head and dazzled brain, as if it had met the wind-fiend.
How can it know that the inch-square of the lamp's chimney is deep as a myriad ells; that, though you fly, you cannot cross it?
Adown the foam and aslant the billows, I cannot tell how many of you have thus perished.
But wait till the heat riots in your body, then you will see the error of your passion.
Though you love flying, you cannot rise: whom, I ask, will you summon to the rescue?
Though you die, yet were you to die ten thousand, thousand times, the others would not bear fruit of repentance:
Their desire being so fierce, they would follow, as before, in aid of their fierce captains.
Would you could, like a butterfly, awake from your dream! Then would the flowers also be conscious of their transience.
Ah! let me fly away!
Then, though the world be flowers, flowers, yet what is that to me?

SONG LI.

Long dreams.

Would I might dream the live-long day, dreaming that day and night I were united with you!
A myriad leagues of highroad may be traversed in a single dream.
Yon rain and clouds, though loveless, have planted in me passion's seed.
And since this passion's root is planted, I must not suffer it to be jerked loose.
Though in your dreams the Witches' Mountain receive you but in vain:

Yet amid dreams I may speak a few sentences with you and thus rid me of this sad countenance.
My lord, you should be sure of dreaming when I dream: then it will avail you.
When in dreams I seek for you, you should never fail to be a-dreaming.
Lord, break your fast early and fall asleep betimes; pay heed to your body.
The thoughts of my mind are painful.
Prithee, when will your heart yearn homewards?
Let me not wake parted from you and in loneliness watch the red lamp.

SONG LII.

'Tis ill dreaming.

I warn you 'tis ill dreaming: for I fear that in dreams we two may meet:
Thus after the dream, when we awake, all things would change and would grow void.
'Parting'—how can the word fail to cause heart-ache?
My lord, you are departed to heaven's verge: your handmaid is as weed drifting on the water.
Remembering my lover, I furtively clasp my guitar to play thereon.
Unnumbered sorrows are all committed to my finger-tips.
Were you not so true to death, my lord, you could not do me so heavy a hurt.
Since I am grown so thin, how can I liken my face to a flower?
To-day love's passion, though exceeding great, avails me nothing.
Ah! sadness has a myriad phases.
You have wronged me in making my love-thoughts masterless: I have cried till my tears ran blood-red.

SONG LIII.

The rope of love.

The rope of love-thought binds together our two hearts.
Therewith is the wooer confined in Complaisant Thorp.
My lord, either you are loth to let go, or it is I that have fast bound you.

Dazed is your head, and dazed your brain, as that of a witless princeling.
Though some deft-handed craftsman say that he could unravel this knot, yet I have no means of asking him.
Aye, though sharp your knife, you scarce could cut this passion's root.
If you are wise, then in your own despite cast off the bond! Do not rivet regret in your heart!
How could I think that, in days to come, you would weary of me, and yet when dreaming follow in my quest?
Heaven! Since thou madest man, why didst thou give him the word 'passion' for a guide?
But, be passion long or passion brief, 'tis certain that fate was foreordained.
Withal, if true passion be not misused, men need not suffer duress.
Though for a moment you be distressed, yet in the end your heart will be relieved.
Truly the best time for revenge is the hour of love's malady.
Ah! all is chaos.
I do not fear your wit, I do not fear its want.
Though passion's gates be hard to burst, yet even in death I must follow in your quest.

SONG LIV.

The tree of love.

The tree of love is planted in Sorrow City,
Branchless and leafless, bleak and alone.
Flowers are the primal life of love.
Whene'er flowers droop their heads, 'tis but because of you, sir!
Mostly when spring is chill, flowers strike no firm root.
So they are changed into duckweed and drift elsewhere for re-birth.
I warn butterflies in this world not to thread the flower-path.
Ah! Flowers are fickle in their nature.
Thus even butterflies at last can scarce awaken from their spells.
Yet, after all, love has no tree, and a spring dream no substance.

SONG LV.

The love-knot.

The love-knot will never open, for all that you would untie it.
Verily sin and distress were knotted upon me in a former life.
At first I sorely feared that he would not love me:
To-day, instead, the very time of deep love is as the pregnant womb of ruin.
Love spent, he hates; hate spent, he loves again.
Love and hate have no certainty, therefore I feel my heart grow dazed.
Like to a man who, driving his ship over the high seas, has driven it to mid-ocean,
I am distant equally from either shore: how can I rejoin my comrade?
Ah! I must be patient!
Even in distress there is happiness at last.
Look you! Though the fairies are so happy, 'tis none so certain that in an instant they can reach the Isles of Bliss.

SONG LVI (1).

The tears of parting.

Shed no tears of farewell over your departing lover!
Or ever I speak thereof, I scarce can stifle the pangs of parting.
Who does not know the hardship of wayfaring: how that it behoves a man to be cautious?
Nay, then, two days and more before he leaves, I must caution him straightly, by the pillow's side, speaking words meet for the hour of farewell.
For, if, when that hour comes, I speak on such wise, it will move him to resentment.
I were best force myself to mirth and laughter, so that he may go with a light heart.
But, after he is gone, fain would I for the nonce weep long and heavily; perchance I may thus lessen my woe.
Sobbing till breath scarce returns to me, I will search for him in my dreams.
If in my dreams I meet my lover, I must soothe him awhile with tenderness:

Thereafter I will closely question him concerning his travels.
Ill were it at outset to tell him even half a sentence of bitter tidings.

SONG LVI (2).

The tears of parting will not dry, for all that I wipe them away.
O tears! When humanity draws passion from human beings, why should ye fall in such precipitance?
All my being is full of love: but I know not with whom to trust my tale:
Since though I tell men thereof, yet no one is grief-stricken for my sake.
In a moment chariot and horses will be here: then must we part, I to the south, he northwards.
Would that, in kindness to me, the sparse forest might with its branches arrest, just so, the slanting sunbeams!
Ah! my heart's musing is disconsolate.
The wind-flute pipes the parting dirge.
My lord, the road before thee is rough: be, therefore, wary in thy going out and thy coming in.

SONG LVI (3).

The tears of parting well back into my eyes, for all that I wink them away.
Lord! Could I but win you home as easily as my tears well back, what need then for my heart-ache?
To-day, though the date of parting is yet unpassed, I dwell in hope on the date of your return.
As I bethink me that I stand solitary in chill forlornness, how can I fail to break my heart for grief?
My mind yearns to check my tears and for awhile to rejoice in converse with you:
But you flout me so that my tears flow unintermittent as the River Sŏng in its nine windings.
Would that the tears of my eyes could speed you along like the waters of a stream:
Thus, when the current had drifted you any whither, my tears might also hie thitherwards.
My lord, you see that, as the water, so your handmaid's heart has a constant trend.

Remember how at the pillow's side we two have wept together till the dawn.
The fount of tears from both my eyes ran dry in my lord's presence: 'twere well for you to share with me my bitter plight.
Yet were you to share my tears with me, even so I should feel distressed.
Ah! thought makes my heart disconsolate.
When parting is over, 'tis hard to unburden the heart.
Did you but long for me in such hope as that wherewith I long for you, then your heart's emotion would not veer round.

SONG LVII.

Passionless words.

Passionless words may warn my lord, yet cannot prevail to turn him back.
Invisible at heaven's verge is my love, ten thousand miles away.
When toilet proves that the spring of my beauty has grown old, who will still pity me?
In the tavern men count that one spring-season has passed all flowerless.
'Tis said that the roadside flowers and willow-trees deeply dye men's thoughts with pity.
My lord, go not in search of the fisherman to question him concerning the ford of Mô-leng.
Though vapour and flowers be transient and of no account:
Still you were best be happy in your lot.
Remember how the constant care of your two parents is centred in your hale vitality.

SONG LVIII.

Passionless eyes.

Passionless eyes cannot avail to watch your carriage on its way.
My tear-spray falls like rain: I am loth to lean against the street-door.
A true heart is like clear water.
There is no end to my scroll-work broidery: there is no end to my blood-writ letters.
The parting-time, now come, urges me to give you this brief behest:

'My lord, for all the glories of Peking, yet think of your old home.'
To-day my glass of water-wine is mixed with tears.
My lord, risk tipsiness!
'Twere well you gave merriment free scope in brief converse and laughter with me.
Still must I be reborn with you in the world to come such as are those twin fish who have but one pair of eyes.

SONG LIX.

Passionless songs.

Passionless songs I cannot sing before my lord.
The green waves and spring tides give no alternative to grief.
Yon gentle bird has heart to pity me:
For me it moans with cry on cry—'I cannot part from my mate, my mate!'
Now I avail not to detain the spring: maybe 'tis no fault of my prince.
Write your name in the Goose Pagoda, that you may gain your degree the sooner.
Methinks that few indeed are reborn to be such as Leï Sín.
Let not the chance slip by!
To-day you are single and solitary: who can tell that you are as Chäng Yün-woa?

SONG LX.

A debt of three lives.

In the world of flowers, aye of flowers, prithee, how were we twin-born?
And since we be twin-born in this place, why do we ever and ever turn one from the other?
In fine playthings of rouge and powder will, like green garments, alter at the last:
Therefore I am loth to plant passion's root in the snow-frozen earth.
How could I think that fibre-tied, though root-broken, I should be bound through three lives to my love-debts,
Till thus I am entangled by wanton toils in yonder Willow Lane and Flower Street.

Albeit you like the wild stork, and I like the grey sea-gull, we bore ourselves in no vulgar wise?
'Tis ever the teal that rely hen-bird on cock-bird, as the clouds on water.
Yet I have held but dull intercourse with you: my passion I have cast into the high seas.
How could I think that my heart's blood would in a moment surge up as a flood? Tell me, how can I free myself?
Withal, I cannot quit my old love and my new joy.
Ah! truly there is no ending.
Yes, 'twere best that reborn in the world to come, I stood beside you at corner of ocean and at verge of sky.

SONG LXI.

The laryota palm.

O palm-tree! I know thou art single hearted:
From birth thine heart's grain was thus fashioned: therefore at sight of thee my soul melts with desire.
In a lean land thou growest up and hast naught whereon to rely:
Yet art thou of love's true grain, therefore is passion rooted thus within thee.
Methinks that, though the human world contain the root of such passion, men scarce could find it.
Since then a tree may be so fashioned, with pining do I repine for my love's fickleness.
Of recent days I have seen that my master's heart is much unsettled:
The moods of one heart he divides among many maidens.
Did he but imitate thy singleness of heart, O tree! then for a length of years I should have no regret.
Ah! in good sooth I am ill-content.
I must question the flower-spirit.
O tree! if thou art not fain to help my master be like thee in his love, then I shall call thee an evil spirit.

SONG LXII.

Unending.

Without sure ending, such is mutual love.
How (say you) can I fling from my heart all thought of the past, all musing on the future?

My whole life long I have shrunk from mention of the word 'parting':
Like the silkworm in spring, I would even spin silk till I die.
I do not desire to live with you, but fain would I die with you,
Lest, when our day is done, we sojourn in diverse places.
From of yore countless are the matters which wound men's hearts.
Heaven! Thou dost so envy my great passion: meseems thou art ruled by self seeking.
Consider the maiden Hung Fat how sharply she saw men through. Fair one! in a measure thou art like her.
To-day, then, thou shouldst pity me who am forlorn as Lei Yök-Sz.
Now am I sunk into the world and have suffered men to fleer at me as prodigal.
Alas! To-day it is even so.
The fragrant land records my name.
Perchance some kindred spirit will come listen to my heart-breaking song.

SONG LXIII.

Before the weeping willow.

He who is broken-hearted, fears to face the weeping willow.
Aye, for he fears to face the charm in that pair of weeping willow eyes:
Therefore I see him sadly lock together his eyebrows at the tip, even as I do also.
O willow! why e'er thine own sorrow is ended, dost thou strive to tinge my mood with sadness.
Pity thou wast planted, not in the shelter of yon fair lady's bower, but at the road-stage where men part.
At sight of passion's farewell thine heart-strings will be wrung with woe.
I fear that much grieving will not inure thee to this debt of loss from sight.
Ah! thou must needs bethink thee.
Lo! look towards Yöng Kwán.
O willow, why in first autumn does thy colour change to yellow green?

SONG LXIV.

Hark at the goose scream!

Whoso is broken-hearted, dreads hearing the goose scream:
For that a start divorces the wedlock of his dreams.
O goose! thou art desolate as the peacock, whilst I thy maid am mateless as the phœnix.
Thy plaint is to the waning moon: I face forlornly the red lamp:
Pity that thine whole life long thou art companionless in isolation.
We womenfolk, though our lover be distant at heaven's verge, still may say we hold intercourse by letter.
O goose! I pity thee, even I whose disease is such as thine own: therefore it behoves thee to post my letter to yon distant land.
Thou must not delay in dalliance at river or barrier, staying thus the track of thy going.
I watch for the carrier goose as wistfully as I watch for my master: my heart is all the heavier.
Sorrow has a myriad phases.
O goose! be not thou like to the mortal body of my lover, that is but a snapped stalk and a drifting weed.

SONG LXV.

Lustre born.

I am born so lustrous:
Need I fear that no new fish will come to my angle?
'Twas but this morning that I held one in my hand as its tail beat to and fro.
Now I put up my fishing-rod into its case: I use it no more.
Verily it is the finger of fate, if fish and water agree not together.
Methinks, since ocean is so vast, the fish therein are not few.
Cease your riotous leaping!
My iron net is spread:
But if this once you escape my hook, then I shall leave you to roam at large o'er the sea.

SONG LXVI.

In no way beautiful.

You are none so beautiful; why then at sight of you is my heart wounded?

In sooth, methinks, e'er ever you were born, it was fore-ordained that you should melt my heart: therefore in this life you touch my soul with sorrow.

Aye, in a former life were planted those roots and sprouts of passion, whence in this life is sprung the sin-debt of flowers and rouge.

For this cause, as at risk of death I went in quest of flowers, I chanced upon this wondrous fragrance.

Ten thousand, thousand toys of rouge and powder I have closely scanned; but none were peers of yours.

Once met with you, I hie me back and for ten days at the least I muse thereon.

If, as they say, the dead and gone return from death to life, then I will die with you for the nonce:

But you deal harshly by me; and, when I am dead indeed, you will reck naught thereof.

Now did high heaven let fall an angel into my embrace, I should not venture to riot in desire.

Of a truth you should pardon me.

Let not your heart's mood veer on the counter tack, saying no syllable to me.

SONG LXVII.

Why so slender?

Why are you grown so slender? Truly it makes men pity you.

Methinks that surely love's excess impels grief to tug at your heart-strings.

I see you are so frail that you can scarce bear the weight of your garments: insensibly the lines of your countenance have changed.

I warn you, penetrate the meaning of those words 'wanton joy!' Be not so spell-bound!

Love is most shrewd in dealing vivacity a hurt.

Look you! the infatuate butterfly in the flower's chamber, how madly he dreams.

Though your love be exceeding deep, it is not wise to be thus enamoured

Needs must you take thought.

Say not that you care but for wanton joy and reck nothing of fate's brevity.

Incarnate in a single body, prithee, how many human destinies can you combine?

SONG LXVIII.

My heart's own.

My heart's own! you should not quarrel with me so persistently:
For at last my anger has caused my head to ache.
Why, at sight of a fair-faced maiden, do your thoughts dwell on her so passionately?
I know that for long days past your heart has grown hard: but now you shun me as a girl whose eyes watch you too jealously.
I see that of late you have not given me three tithes of the love you gave in bygone days.
From the time when we were acquaint till now, through the long days I have suffered oppression at your hands.
Vain was the covenant you made with me at the first: to-day you have set at naught your former oaths.
I fondly thought I had a lover upon whom to rely.
Meseems no one among men is true-hearted.
I say that, unheeding you, I will die and go seek rebirth.
Yet in after-thoughts I cannot act so fondly:
For how would it profit me to resign human pleasures and become a sad soul, dead in vain?
I remember how first we held communion: but to-day you cannot remember that time.
Why did you deceive me so long, and then lust after novelty?
Renew now a changed heart within you, then we two will have a wedded destiny.
Ah! my heart is impatient!
Do not beckon men to call you light of love!
You were best convert your heart and pity me. I trow I fear thee! Be merciful.

SONG LXIX.

A hard task.

Truly 'tis a hard task. Fairest! can you interpret my bitterness of heart?
It is more hazardous to toy with you day and night than handle a sharp knife:
Therefore of late I see your acquainted friends draw back, while no new guests arrive.

These and those alike stand aloof, even as water at feud with oil.
Betimes I learned that I could not live with you. So 'tis better never to meet you at all,
Lest, heart-bound and love-tied, morning and evening my soul should throb with passion.
I entreat you, take heart of grace! Seek for some good fellow!
That with his aid you may pay off your debts, and escape meeting on all sides creditors who exact rent from you in advance.
Though the river-side bowers are bright and gay, whom have you seen live there in even fortune till old age?
In fine, though honest fare be simple, yet would you fain find one to bring you high and dry ashore.
Moreover, of recent days fires have been so frequent, and the flower-boats drive but scant a trade:
While the Marine Magistrate and his Police wrangle so noisily all day long.
You doubt me? Then glance at the ledgers in each flower-boat:
You will but see debts, no payments; a sordid skinflint pittance.
So, though you foster many girls till grown to nubile years, thinking, as it were, that you will readily pay off your debts;
Yet, I fear me, in a moment they will slip from your hands: so will you sink to hell.
Though maybe of late a few foster-mothers have met with good fortune,
Yet some tens of maidens have ransomed themselves, while other ten have not yet been handselled 'twixt the sheets.
If you turn to the game's ending and the final scene, there is no warrant of sure success.
In a hundred cases, not one meets hindrance on the road to ruin.
Prithee, withdraw from evil, set your mind in order, seek for a place of refuge!
Fear not lack of a road,
But be convert betimes!
For 'tis better so, than to be as the duckweed which flaunts its face and flings its head from the water.

SONG LXX.

Half a life's bitterness.

Half a life's bitterness is known to our two selves.
Why cannot I, now bitterness is drained empty, behold the approach of sweetness? What, say you, will be the end?
Since I first realized my nature, I have known that man's load is not light.
I do but hope that, when I have borne my burden through this world, then I shall obtain my heart's desire.
How could I think that, e'er my debt of sin was paid, I should be sunk in the land of flowers and rouge?
Drifting o'er streams and lakes we scatter each of us eastwards and westwards.
'Tis fate's guidance that has brought me to this bitter pass: therefore I stifle my repining.
Alas! my spirit cannot rest content.
Cease from mention of bygone things!
How can I be fain to welter here, until my body dies, in this impassable sea of bitterness?

SONG LXXI.

The task of mankind.

The task of mankind is cruel: never can we smooth care from our brows.
What though I deal trueheartedly by you, you are not yet aware thereof.
For your sake I weep and sigh the livelong day.
Think you I have the heart to play the woman on this wise?
You bid me deal by all men with heart as true as mine to thine: but that is not so easy.
Only when I see my lord, lord! then I am loth to waste the auspicious hour.
Say not the Pearl River is a place utterly void of passion:
To-day for sake of the word 'passion' I am tied in trammels: therefore am I thus enamoured.
Why, whene'er you open your lips, do you flout us with your fickleness?
Strange that, for the most part, in intercourse with us your face meets ours, but your spirit is fled elsewhere.

If now you will remember your handmaid, your handmaiden will remember you.
Ah! 'tis ill to breathe such disdain for us.
You should be constant from first to last.
Wait till in the cluster of flowers and rouge you come to understand girls such as we.

SONG LXXII.

No help.

No help! though I have dazed my mind with musing.
Whoso reach middle-age, the white hairs hasten upon them.
From of yore beauty's roses were short-lived; truly fate is inflexible.
Withal, if toys of rouge and powder grow too passionate, then the womb of ruin is pregnant.
I ponder how in this earthly world we can escape from the sea of bitterness.
In a past life we should have reformed our nature: so perchance we might the sooner be rid of disastrous partings.
Certes in my past life I did not reform, therefore I am so long sunk in perdition.
Ah! 'tis hard to sever the bond of love.
The lover goes, but the root of love remains.
I must not look backwards, but must ask Tathâgata my question.

SONG LXXIII.

Sent afar.

'Tis ill to be so hot with passion: excess of heat will but make parting the harder.
Truly a single day apart from you is to me as a lonely void.
For all my beauty, I am not yet come safe to shore: my fate is not yet fulfilled.
Moreover, like a dry faggot propped against a bonfire, I am aflame already.
You bid me wait three years for you: but, though the tale of my years is still brief,
I fear, when I am grown to womanhood, you will not keep tryst: thus will my error date from this morning.

Henceforth in the consistory of orioles and the synod of swallows,
I may freely disclose my heart's thoughts.
I do but grieve that, since I must bear the wine-cup and hand round
the goblet, my sin is not yet merciful to me.
Withal, I regret that I am frail-fated as a flower, and that men
are vile.
Were I well-fated, why should I still to-day be in this haunt of vice?
I hope that one day, arrayed in academic robes, you will come home
with honour.
When your debt to your books is paid, then will my flower-debt also
be cancelled.
But now in the inn, lonely and cold, you are wrapped in your soul's
dream.
Ah! news of you has ceased to come.
When shall I see the good omen of the lamp-snuff?
Look you! Proud Peking is a myriad miles distant across the water.

SONG LXXIV (1).

Spring, flowers, autumn, moon.

Spring.

Spring! go not yet! I still must speak a word of counsel with you.
As year by year I part from you, my passion is wrung with pain.
When I see how fitful is the plight of flowers, then my soul is
distraught.
In fine, it is because meetings and partings have no norm, that a man's
life is uncertain
If indeed my fate were not wedded to yours, I should not dare thus
to force myself on you.
Why, after taking counsel together for three spring months, are we
sundered in separate places?
Behold, my prince has gone home, therefore my anguish increases.
I have no means of detaining you, meseems I have flouted spring's
radiance.
Methinks, the glorious scenes of spring are but an empty circum-
stance.
Ah! I have naught else to say.
I speed my lord down the Nám-phô river.
Now, though a letter is in my hand, I find it hard to write. Pity that
my paper is so brief and my love so lasting!

SONG LXXIV (2).

Flowers.

Flowers! fade not yet! Let me still enjoy your fragrant features.
In hopeless sorrow I gaze upon you in the pelting rain.
Whose heart is not hurt at mention of beauty's brevity?
Methinks this human world is as fitful as are ye.
O flowers! sometimes in stillness of night you waft me your fragrance.
Truly you spite men by your charms, whether ye be faintly tinted or deep-stained with red.
If you, O flowers, were not fragrant, you could not infect me with true love's emotion.
Only 'tis pity that I am strengthless to protect flowers. I grieve at the East Wind.
Now also I cannot avail you against madness of bees or errantry of butterflies.
Ah! your handmaid's sorrow has a myriad phases.
Bygone things are most like a dream.
Whoso has a heart to pity fragrance, it behoves you to record his memory on the silk-stringed lyre of dryandra wood.

SONG LXXIV (3).

Autumn.

O Autumn! age not yet! Still must thou detain the splendour of the year.
Sorrow-fibres are knotted all around my breast, as I stand facing the sedge.
Folk say the autumn wind's whistling makes men afraid.
But I love to watch the flooding and flowing autumn waves submerge the red clouds of sunset.
Since thou, O Autumn, art passionless, I doubt whether thou wilt long tug at my heart.
I see thou art wont to detain the bright moonshine upon my window curtains.
In fine man's pleasure is all centred in those phases of graceful animation.
Say not that, because the wind is sad-sounding, therefore you are grown thinner than the yellow aster's stalk.
Methinks, Sung Yuk's lament for autumn is all an empty tale.

Who does not yearn, in face of autumn, to go afloat upon the fairy raft?

Now, since I pity the autumn, autumn too should pity me this once.
Alas! your maid is stifled with dumb sobbing.
I gather asters beneath my eastern lattice.
Lo! Upon the Tsham-yŏng river, tears are shed over the guitar.

SONG LXXIV (4).

Moon.

O Moon, sink not yet! Still shouldst thou shine on me throughout the night.
When in the dark I think of my lover, then I feel but the more forlorn.
Men only understand that thou, O Moon, waxest full and round, therefore their heart laughs with gladness:
How can they understand that, after the moon is full, little by little it waneth?
O Moon! your orb is full but once a month: methinks 'tis far too seldom.
Would I could meet thee night by night for all the thirty nights, being summoned to see thee.
Hazard a question to Shŏng Ngoa, whether our fate be union or parting! She should have some cognizance thereof.
Why may not fate lead me to wedlock? Wherefore is the Blue Bridge thus pulled in pieces?
My love-affairs are overmany: fain would I that thou, O Moon, shouldst settle them for me.
Ah! your handmaid's sorrow knows no end.
Who will unfold my piteous passion?
Would that I could meet my lord night by night at tryst as certain as the ocean-tides!

SONG LXXV.

'Passion.'

The one word 'passion' is more malignant than arsenic:
But why, in lack of passion and without a cause, are men's hearts broken?
I scratch my head and ask heaven—'Heaven! 'tis not well for thee so to act?
'My fate is frail as a flower: and wilt thou not be my guardian?'

I grieve, I do but grieve, that my life has erred in love: wherefore I have overmany such debts.
Why did not heaven give me an iron purpose at the first?
Look you! the wife changed into brute stone still gazes in hope that her husband sojourns in the land of the living.
Needs must I bethink me:
Though spirit be shattered and soul distraught,
Yet whoso loveth much, to her such love is recompensed.

SONG LXXVI (1).

The love-lorn willow.

The love-lorn willow I give as present to my light-loving lord.
Lord! prithee, is the word 'parting' piteous or no?
With all my heart I do but hope you will not jilt me,
May we both preserve our love, wide as the water and high as the hills!
How could I think that, since my fate was not wed to yours, therefore we should thus be parted in mid-journey?
Now smoke and water, clouds and hills obstruct the highroad.
How could I know in girlhood's day that parting was so bitter?
Ah! truly it is irksome.
Now I rely on thee, O willow, to tell my sad love's story.
Wherefore, though 'tis so far to reach this parting-stage, I shrink not from the trouble.

SONG LXXVI (2).

The love-lorn willow's weeping eyes, are two, are two!
O willow-tree! why at sight of other folk art thou merry, at sight of me art thou distressed?
Thou art planted at Pâ Bridge: hence I know thou sufferest for a debt of sin.
Thou speedest men homewards: then in loneliness dost thou watch the teal which roost overnight upon the water.
O willow! thy delicate frame is hard to support, even as is mine.
Thou fearest not the spring winds, but fearest the burden of autumn frost.
To-day thine aspect is so withered, belike thou hast naught whereon to rely.
Ah! 'tis not well to turn elsewhere.

When troubles come to a head, hope tarries to the last.
From of yore 'tis sooth that new sprouts must burgeon, e'er hope of new life be given to the dry willow-tree.

SONG LXXVII.

Sorrow indelible.

My sorrow is indelible: I lament that I am fallen on hapless fate and adverse times.
Heaven! thus hast thou begotten thine handmaid; how sayest thou, can I gain lifelong union with my lover?
Thinkest thou I am not fain to wear fresh flowers in my hair?
Yet since my fate is fraught with no joyance, I should but waste the blossoms.
Lifting my burden of love-thoughts, I seek for a man to buy such wares.
All men I meet bid me turn down Willow Lane and Flower Street:
Ever they counsel me to sell to him who offers a price, aye, to sell even if no price be offered.
Payment of old debts!
'Tis better than hawking myself about the streets.
Beware lest, your love being masterless, never a day should give your heart relief.

SONG LXXVIII.

Sorrow's poignance.

My sorrow is poignant: I am loth to trim my mean toilet.
The embroidered blinds are not rolled up, because I fear the wind is chill.
Your maiden's waist is grown more slender by half: my heart also for your sake is disconsolate.
Whither go you in lust of joyance, that thus you shun your old home?
Though you heed not your handmaid, left here in the green bower, yet you should be mindful of your family.
Though you neglect wife or child, still it behoves you to remember father and mother.
Why, when in body you are away at heaven's verge, does your heart follow a strange bent?

Ah! why is it thus?
My lord, above all hearken not to those who would impel the mood of your heart to veer.

SONG LXXIX (1).

The dilemma.

Why, here's the rub! I fear that my companionship with you will not abide till old age comes.
Since, then, our passion is sincere, 'tis pity it should lack utterly love's consummation.
In this life have I knit with you the knot of wedded fate: but our union is delayed till the life to come:
Hence you are now an anchorite, and I a nun.
You doubt? Then behold! in the 'Red Chamber Dream' a story of teal is told.
Since the youth Pô-yuk's fate was not wed with hers, therefore was Toi-yuk so lonely.
Thus, when she came to die, she cried with sobbing utterance:—'Pô-yuk, thou art good!'
Truly I find no vent for my grief.
Heaven can scarce heal the sorrow of parting.
Yes! I were better seem insipid as water in my manner, lest you should scold me for a fickle jade.

SONG LXXIX (2).

Ay, here 's the rub! My lord, your family is poor and your parents so aged,
That, of eight thousand paths before you, not one can bring renown.
Therefore you jilt and leave me fallen at heaven's verge, where no letter reaches me from home.
My lord is returned to Nám-leng, I live sorrily in the capital.
Be you bright as a long sword, still your brilliance has not yet left its sheath:
Howbeit the young bamboo, now leafless, may one day pierce the skies in height.
But if you fail of your degree, your face will fade colourless—
The green willow injures men more grievously than a sharp sword.
The gold stored 'neath my pillow is all spent: I am loth to brew the sparkling mead.

Naught had I to send you,
Save that my pearl tears are threaded together as a rosary:
My lord! Upon your homeward way, will you not bear them with you for my sake?

SONG LXXX.

The body is but one.

My body is but one: tell me, how can I favour two lovers?
On one side is pleasure, but on the other torment.
Both my suitors come hither night by night: will I, nill I, they bid me to their board.
Were it one man one night, I should not be so teased.
In mine own despite I comply with the one, till such time as he goes in quest of another.
I fear this plaguy knave will dupe me at the last, then bitterly shall I regret the outset:
Also I fear that yon other truant will bear me a grudge.
Bystanders have set overmany ill reports afoot.
Ah! would my heart could split in two and my womanhood be double!
This once you need not flare up in anger.
Could I but dissuade both lovers from wrangling with their mistress, it were sweeter to me than pine-apple preserved in sugar.

SONG LXXXI.

Fear not Fate the miser!

Fear not Fate the miser: still be ye strong of heart!
If your heart be strong, why grieve that no spirit in the moon has pity on you?
Say not that fate is a miser and times are adverse, nor seek short shrift on that account.
Not once in half a life-time have you unburdened your bosom: I fear me your very ghost will be wan with grief.
If you say your horoscope was graven immutably at your birth, then 'tis lost labour to have your fortune told.
Yet none know whether such augury be true or false: never yet was a saint without fasting.
In fine it behoves you to fulfil your destiny: maybe the luck will turn.

Ah! cease repining for yourself.
Say not that good things scarce match your desire.
If with strong heart you wait patiently, the broken mirror will again perfect its orb.

SONG LXXXII.

A lament for life's brevity.

I lament life's brevity: I grieve that I cannot live more lives than one.
All men are right eager to take away my life: but tell me, how can I throw my life away?
Had I the lives to give, then I might bestow one on each lover, and reck little thereof.
Help there is none! Only with great pains have I preserved till this morning a single, tattered thread of life.
I cannot replace those impassioned ones who lost their lives for love of me.
Methinks, it was the finger of my fate which led them to find heart's sweetness even in death.
I trow that to lose life in lust of flowers is the fault of youthfullness.
In fine, human joyance must last to the end, e'er men can rival the red-beet which grows more beautiful with age.
Lo! Taurus and Virgo meet year by year: belike their tale of years is not short.
Ah! their hearts are mirrors one of the other.
On the seventh night they are glad and laugh together.
Howbeit long life must tally with long love, e'er the Crows' Bridge may be crossed.

SONG LXXXIII.

Unbroken by the blast.

Unbroken by the blast are passion's fibres.
The fibres of passion cling closely: even if cut, they are hard to sever:
When they are twined about the heart, then men are not masters of their own thoughts.

The soul is not integral: all that remains of it is a shred of frenzied passion.
If the love of both man and maid be frenzied, then, though their frenzy be death-set,
Even in death their hearts will find sweetness: for 'twas not in vain that they were long acquainted.
But I sorely fear lest one lover be impassioned, while the other reck little thereof.
When love ends in malady, medicine can scarce heal it.
Then, though you be willing to die for his sake, he will give you small thanks.
Ah! truly it savours ill.
Sooth I say: if you would die for him, test first passion's truth: even thereafter it will be none too late.

SONG LXXXIV.

A rope of love-thoughts.

O rope of love-thoughts, draw hither my gallant!
Canst thou but draw him hither, then for my sake do not cast him loose.
Certes the rope-strands are twisted together of heart-fibre, therefore they can bear the strain so long.
If I meet a man who cuts me adrift, then I feel myself befooled.
O rope! hateful art thou when thou dost drag us apart: love-worthy, when thou drawest us back together.
Yet, since we are tugged at from either side, I know not when we may be united.
All my heart's love I have entrusted to your keeping:
'Tis pity, then, that time on time you cut the rope, stirring riot in my heart and bosom.
Would I swear an oath, why need I adjure the mountain? Would I make a covenant, why need I adjure the sea?
It is the heart which must not change.
But if our hearts trend diversely, then even a rope will not unite us.

SONG LXXXV.

Love-sickness.

Why are you so ailing? I see your face shows wan and sallow.
Love, e'er you look for it, can penetrate heart and vitals.

Methinks that heaven and earth gave me a love-fraught destiny, therefore might they certify to my ailment.
Since my disease is like yours, my lord! I must taste of medicines such as yours.
O lover mine! physics taste so evilly, and when tasted, what is their effect?
To-day bitterness climbs into my heart's thoughts, for that we two only are in anguish of pain:
Full early our love was death-set: what hope is there for our sore malady?
No path opens before our eyes. Wide, wide is the sea of bitterness!
Could but your fate after death be wed to mine, then would I pay reverent cult to Buddhist idols.
I fear the six channels of my senses are impure: therefore I cannot reach Sukhavati.
In mortal things the mention of the life to come is altogether vanity.
I have naught whereon I may rely.
The green bowers of vice are to me as hell. Why prate of earth's age and heaven's longevity?

SONG LXXXVI.

The soul-melting willow.

The willow, that melts souls in sorrow, plucks darkly at my garment.
O Willow! since thus thou canst evoke passion, how canst thou suffer men to part?
The east wind has blown for a night: my love is a thousand miles away.
The evening clouds and vernal trees tinge my thoughts with love.
Barrier and hills are so distant, your handmaid can scarce post her letters:
Yet should your heart be unchanging as gold or rock, eternally immutable.
Say not that for the nonce, while hands are clasped, passion will endure: but that in a while, when hands unclasp, virtue will be flouted.
Remember how at Yöng Kwán I gave my lord the willow-twig.
'Tis mainly for your sake that since youth I have lost my maidenhood.
Alas for the word 'passion'!
My lord, you heed not the present: yet should you remember the olden time.

SONG LXXXVII.

The place of flowers and vapour.

The place of flowers and vapour is a haunt of demon spirits.
Many as are your sensuous joys, so many will be your pangs of anguish.
Snow and moon, wind and blossoms I have already seen.
But, prithee, how many eternal pleasures are for sale?
You can but deem them transient as a cloud of smoke: their thraldom is error.
Though you mine the mountains, I fear 'twere hard to fill up the unfathomed river-depths.
If your talk is of true virtue and true passion, who then has braved death for you?
I fear when the money is spent from beneath your pillow, you must part from the present, however fair.
In fine, flowers and willows hurt more men than one.
Ah! bethink you!
Quench the fire of heart and head!
Everywhere I warn the children of men lest they knit awry the webbed creepers upon the water.

SONG LXXXVIII.

The teal.

A brace of teal in this world is hard to part.
Howbeit, men at heaven's verge, seeing them, wax the more disconsolate in spirit.
They two in sleeping and eating endure not to be parted. Tell me, how can my heart be content?
I make one request:—O teal! when I return to life, I would fain be as ye are: I would not have human form.
Withal, my lover recks not of love's duty, but prizes highly his ambition.
Methinks green spring is hard to buy: you will but waste your thousand gold-pieces all in vain.
With vulgar eyes he still esteems empty fame: therefore he desires to have his share thereof.

Also, he would fain be ambitious for his handmaid's sake: thus he dares to sever passion's root.
We two, far parted, watch you in joy's union. If our flesh throbs with desire,
Ah! truly 'tis folly.
Though in your seeking you win a marquisate, yet must your handmaid mourn her fault.
As I now bethink me of the widowed phoenix and the mateless peacock, how should I not be heart-broken?

SONG LXXXIX.

The fan.

My hand holds a silk fan of Tshai workmanship.
O fan! my words remind me that I have not carried thee for a year's space.
When the heat begins anew, I am wont to bethink myself of thee.
Why then, when autumn comes, do I discard thee?
In fine, as fans are thrown aside, so girls are jilted.
Methinks, it needs no mention that men's love blows cold and warm.
The world's way is hot and chill: cease from your repining.
Who is not hot before he can grow cold?
In a hot place you must reckon on the cold which follows.
Be not at first meeting so ardent in impulsiveness.
Though it were but words: yet in ardour you can but be entranced: and how will you then remember that the sequel of human things may change?
Ah! your fever is so impassioned.
Set your heart's love on one side!
Yes, an outcast in the cold, you will not now remember the heat which went before.

SONG XC.

Knit the silk net.

Brew together pure water, the hart's-tongue, and the white-wort
Since I am pure and white, why should I fear your heart's love?
Wrap in tissue the passion-flower and the peppermint: give them to me!
Though your passion be thin as tissue, whom can it hurt?

Wrap together eye-fruit and pears!
Symbol that I shall forthwith lose you from before my eyes, and that the pair of us must be parted for a while.
How (say you) can silk thread pass through the eye of the flower-needle?
Truly 'tis amiss.
The thread must fit the needle, e'er the silk net can be knitted.

SONG XCI.

The lonely lamp.

Whoso is broken-hearted dreads vigil by the lonely lamp.
As musingly I watch my shadow, lonely and cold, my spirit breaks within me.
Now that my coverlet and my pillow are so lorn: I have naught whereon I can rely.
O shadow, voiceless and wordless! To whom wouldst thou have me vent my sorrow?
Though thou, O shadow! and I make two together, yet that is poor comfort for my grief.
I were better grasp a cup, that thus with my shadow we may be three.
I love thee, I love thee, shadow! because thou quittest me neither in life nor death, so close is thy companionship.
Even at heaven's verge and ocean's corners, thou and I would find it hard to part.
My lord, maybe though now in loneliness I watch the silver lamp, yet our hearts have each the imprint of the other.
I grieve, I do but grieve that I cannot dispatch my shadow to consult with you.
I were fain you could meet my shadow and for a while recognize therein my soul.
Ah! my heart is ill-content.
Whether in dream or sleep it is hard to approach thee.
I will feign that I see the lamp-snuff—omen that we shall ever be in each other's sight. I must not face my shadow as if wounded in spirit.

SONG XCII.

The peach-blossom fan.

The peach-blossom fan has written upon it a poem of heart-breaking verse.
If you write of deep passion, the fan will be but a source of anguish.
No fate is more frail than the peach-blossom, no passion more frail than paper:
Wherefore you readily may know that peach-blossom painted on paper is more fragile still.
My lord, since you depict flower-faces, you first should understand the thoughts of flowers:
The green spring is hard to gain! Spoil not the flower-season.
Methinks that joyance, if unattainable in this world, is not greatly to be trusted.
The round fans of autumn bring their dirge into the sequestered bower,
Where maidens paint thereon ten thousand leaves and a thousand flowers, all for the sake of the one word 'passion':
You doubt it? Then behold the loves of the poets Hau and Leï Höng-kwan: had not their passion been deep, how could they have reached the halcyon days?

SONG XCIII.

The waves at the prow.

As waves at the ship's prow meet and part asunder,
Love like water comes welling up o'er my heart.
My lord, you were born in the sky of passion, your handmaid was nurtured in the sea of lust.
Thus the amber sky meets with the water, yea, water and sky are met together.
We toys of rouge and powder, how can we be unchanging as are the green hills?
Look at yon cankered flowers on the face of the water: then you may pity our plight.
The years flow past like a river: I know not how long they will flow.
Needs must a man love his own self.

Though after death you were canonized a Buddha or a saint, I doubt if you will truly rest in peace.
Aye! 'twere better to cull pleasure as chance offers, and dwell with you in the Hall of the Moon and the Tower of the Winds.

SONG XCIV.

Hark the crows' cawing!

Whoso is broken-hearted, dreads to hear the cawing of the crows.
They caw so crossly: methinks, it is indeed because they would gain a branch to perch upon.
Who does not hope to soar aloft? Yet after all it is not over easy:
Aye, and the feathers upon your body are not yet fully fledged.
O crow! Why dost thou but fashion a bridge for other men to cross, yet knowest not thy own mischance?
Both sides are all a-flutter, you should indeed find a resting-place.
To-day wind and dew are fresh and cool: but the forest-jungle so thwarts your way,
That you needs must take thought betimes.
Wait not till your raven hair turns white, e'er you learn that the world's way is hard.

SONG XCV.

Coiffure.

I comb a parting in my hair and coif the set tresses—
Sign that he parts all troubles and is set to come hither betimes.
In the centre of my head-dress I must braid in the peruke:
If I concentrate my heart, why should I fear slander?
I bind the hair near the head and plait the ringlets at the end:
For to the end I must follow my lord e'er I attain my desire.
The flower-stylet with the flowers must be pressed through below the coif:
In such style will I throughly pay off my flower-debts and press you to take me home.
Withal, the flowers must match the head-dress and the moon-cinnamon be fastened in the curls on either side:
Then will the old man in the moon and the flower-king protect us both, and keep us knit close as eyebrows, though our hair grow white with age.

SONG XCVI.

Payment of flower-debts.

Methinks that my doom is already fulfilled, or maybe my flower-debts are paid off.
Debts paid and doom fulfilled alike stir in me anguish of parting and sorrow of farewell.
When we two were so impassioned, could I have thought our love would not endure to the end?
As I muse on that bygone phase of frolic in wind and moon, my dream seems broken and my soul entranced.
When first we were united, your handmaid was yet young in years.
(The while my converse discloses to you the folds of my heart, I dread hearing the cock crow over the water.)
I did but think that, since our time was so long, we should devise a plan together.
How could I know that, because of the deep love between you and your wife, you would not escort home your lowly concubine?
You have hurt me till like the split elm, wind-riven, I can trust no ligature.
Little by little I bethink me that I drift aimlessly, therefore must I find a resting-place.
To-day men call us light of love. 'Tis false: yet it seems truth:
For among so large a sisterhood, who can know how my heart's love is crossed?
On my body I wear this green garment, washing it ever with mine own tears.
Alas! 'twas not so planned.
My lord, you have hardened your heart: you are loth to look at me.
For this cause, since the day when I heard you say 'I go'—you never, never have returned.

SONG XCVII.

Burn pure oil.

Half a lamp-bowl of pure oil, how many wicks will it light?
My lord, your heart has so many changing seasons; tell me, how can I go in its quest?

I see your heart is fiery: there is not oil enough to submerge the wick.
Make trial and see what depth of pure oil is in yonder lamp-bowl.
Yet I fear, the more submerged, the drier the wick will be: while the oil grows all the less.
Would it were as if on the short wick more oil might be poured drop by drop!
Fear not my censure!
Be not like those graceless churls!
But, even as the lamp-wick is turned upwards, so do you take heart and play the man!

NOTES

Author's Preface. 越 *see* Mayers, Pt. II, No. 75. In the second and first centuries B.C. there were three principalities of Yüt 三越, viz. 吳越 the modern Kiangsu and part of Chekiang, 閩越 the modern Fukien and part of Chekiang, and 南越 the modern Kwangtung and part of Tongking. But recently the characters 越 and 粵 have become interchangeable, and denote merely the province of the Two Kwang 兩粵, viz. 粵西 Kwangsi and 粵東 Kwangtung. Here the meaning is even more restricted, referring only to the Canton province.

越謳篤摯 'the sincere devotion of the Cantonese songs.'

履道士 lit. 'walking-the-way scholars,' i.e. scholars who walk the way of virtue. 履 is used verbally: it is in Chinese grammatical phraseology 活字 not 實字.

道 'the way,' has all the significance of the Greek ὁδός as used in the New Testament. The word has been made famous by Laotsze 老子 who founded the Taoist system in the philosophical treatise, known as 道德經.

道光 title of the reign (1821–1851 A.D.) of Man Neng 旻寧, sixth emperor of the present Tsheng 清 dynasty.

戊 the fifth of the ten calendaric stem characters: 子 the first of the twelve cyclical or horary characters. In combination 戊子 gives the number of a year. The calendaric characters always precede, and the horary characters follow, in fixed rotation, forming a cycle of sixty terms for the purpose of chronological notation. The precise position of each cycle of sixty years in the sequence of centuries has always to be fixed externally, as in this case by reference to the title of an Emperor's reign.

書幌 is not good Cantonese for a 'book-shop,' which is usually called 書坊 or 書舖. The phrase seems to be borrowed from the northern dialect, and if so it seems plausible to conjecture that 招子庸, the author of these songs, completed his work while he was prefect of Tsheng-chau (cf. Pref. III) in the Shántung province. For the sign-board 綠天 given to a bookshop compare

the sign-board 澄天閣 of a well-known bookshop in 十八甫 at Canton.

Second Preface. 望 the fifteenth day of the month; so called because it is the day of full moon, on which, as the Chinese say, the sun and moon are gazing at each other.

明珊 the *nom de plume* 別號 of the author 招子庸.

居士 a retired scholar, i. e. a man who, though qualified to be an official, is not in government employment, either because he has retired from service, or never entered the service. The term would be applicable to Chîû Tsz-yung after his resignation of the office of prefect.

珠江 the Pearl River, on which Canton is situated. The name is only given to that part of the river in the immediate vicinity of Canton, and is derived from a small island, called 海珠 owing to its circular shape, situated in the river just south of the two city-gates known as 油欄門 and 靖海門. The island has been made into a fort. There is a play on the words 'pearl houses,' 'pearl maidens,' 'pearl youths,' which refer to the Cantonese flower-boats, their inmates and *habitués*.

趙 a part of the State of Tsun 晉, the modern province of Shánsi 山西, which in ancient times was divided between the three families of 趙, 魏 and 韓: the Chîû family holding the north, the Ngai family the south-east, and the Hoan family the south-west of the province.

秦 the state of Tshun, the modern province of Shensi 陝西.

老龍 Lô-lung is a market-town in the north-east of the Wai-chau 惠州 prefecture. The Lô-lung boats are shallow and are built to cross shoals and rapids: their bows are higher out of the water than those of the ordinary Cantonese junks.

吳 Ng is the modern province of Kiangsu 江蘇. 'Ng country ballads' are thus described by Tô Yau 杜佑 (Giles, No. 2070) in his treatise called 通典:—

吳歌雜曲, 並出江東晉宋以來, 稍有增廣, 梁內人, 黃金珠, 善歌吳聲西曲. 'Ng songs are miscellaneous *khuk*, which are also produced in the country east of the Yangtsze. From the era of the Tsun (265–419 A. D.) and Sung dynasties (420–477 A. D.) down to the present time, their production has gradually increased. Under the Lông dynasty (502–556 A. D.), Wong Kam-chü was a skilled singer of Ng songs and West-country *khuk*.' For 曲, see Introduction VI.

楚竹 'the pipes of Chhoa': cf. a poem 楚竹吟 by 孟郊, who writes:—

握中有新聲 楚竹人未聞

'In the fingering (of the stops) are new tones, even tones of the Chhoa pipe such

as man has never heard.' 楚 corresponds to the modern provinces of Hunan 湖南 and Hupeh 湖北. The best bamboos for pipes are said to grow along the banks of the River Sŏng 湘江 in Hunan: cf. XVI. 1; LVI. 3. 6; XXXV. 4. 11: *see* Mayers, Nos. 528, 576.

三星 'the three stars.' A quotation from the Shi-king, part i, book x, ode 5 (Legge, vol. iv, part i, p. 179), which describes the delight of a husband and wife at their unexpected union. The reference is probably to the constellation of 參宿 in Orion, visible at dusk in the tenth month, which is regarded by the Chinese as the most auspicious time for contracting a marriage.

繁欽 Fán Yam. The lexicon 典畧 says:—欽, 字休伯, 以文才機辯少得名, 善爲詩賦, 率皆巧麗, 爲丞相主薄. 'Yam: named Yau-pák. By literary talent and disputation he became famous while a youth. He excelled in writing songs and poems, which were always clever and beautiful. He became secretary to the prime minister.'

何滿 'the songs of Hoa Mún': cf. a poem 何滿子歌 by 元稹 (Mayers, No. 961; Giles, No. 2543), who says:—

何滿能歌能宛轉 天寶年中也稱罕

'Hoa Mún was able to sing, he was able to round off his songs. Between 742 and 756 A.D., mortals said he was a rarity.' 天寶 was the title of the reign of the Emperor 唐玄宗 of the Thong 唐 dynasty, adopted in 742 A.D.

THIRD PREFACE. 竹枝 '*Chuk chí* songs': cf. the treatise 樂府:—

竹枝本出於巴渝, 劉禹錫作竹枝新詞九章, 由是盛於貞元之間. 禹錫曰, 竹枝, 巴歈也, 巴兒聯歌, 吹短笛擊鼓楊袂歌舞. 'The *chuk chí* style of poetry originated in Pá-yü (a district of the Szechuan province). Lau Yü-sik (Mayers, No. 423; Giles, No. 1379) wrote a poem in nine parts called "New *chuk chí* songs." Accordingly this style of poetry became popular between the years 1153–1156 A.D. Yü-sik gave *chuk chí* the name of "Pá songs." The boys of the Pá country sang them as amoeboeics: they blew the short flute, beat the drum, brandished their sleeves, sang and danced.' 貞元 the style adopted by 海陵王 of the Kam 金 dynasty in the fourth year of his reign.

蘇臺詞 'the Sô-thoi poems': cf. Pref. IX (Mayers, No. 627). In B.C. 495 Fú Chhai 夫差 (Mayers, No. 139; Giles, No. 576) succeeded his father as King of the Ng 吳 country (Pref. II, notes), and till his death in 473 B.C. maintained a struggle with Kau Tshín 句踐 (Mayers, No. 276; Giles, No. 928), Prince of Yüt 越, the modern Chekiang and Fukien (Pref. I, notes). At first Fú Chhai was victorious and inflicted a signal defeat on Kau Tshín in the great battle of

Khwui Khai 會稽: but in the end he fell a victim to the craft of Fán Lai 范蠡 (Mayers, No. 127; Giles, No. 540), the famous minister of the prince of Yüt, who, having discovered Sai Shí 西施 (Mayers, No. 571; Giles, No. 679), a girl of peerless beauty but humble origin, living at Chhü-loa 苧蘿 in the kingdom of Yüt, and gaining her livelihood by washing silk, or, according to another account, by selling firewood, caused her to be trained in all the accomplishments of her sex, dressed her in gorgeous apparel, and brought the 'fatal beauty' to Fú Chhai. The stratagem was successful: Fú Chhai abandoned himself to lustful dalliance and built the tower or palace of pleasure, known as Sô-thoi 蘇臺, or Kú Sô-thoi 姑蘇臺, for the delectation of his lovely concubine. The tower was erected near the site of the modern city of Sô-chau 蘇州, which takes its name from this traditional source. Engrossed in voluptuous pleasures Fú Chhai allowed ruin to steal upon his armies unawares, and after his final defeat by the forces of Yüt was compelled to commit suicide.

青州 'the prefect of Tsheng-chau,' i.e. Chîû Tsz-yung 招子庸, the author of these Cantonese Songs: cf. Pref. I, notes.

大尹 is the epistolary style of a district magistrate 知縣.

Fourth Preface. 漁洋 Yü-yöng (Mayers, No. 819; Giles, No. 2221), the 'fancy name' of Wong Sz-cheng 王士禎 (1634–1711 A.D.), a distinguished statesman and patron of letters: he wrote a general literary miscellany 池北偶談 and also some poems, which were issued under the title of 漁洋詩話. His best known work is the 精華錄.

崑腔 the name of a class of tunes. For 秦 see Pref. II, notes.

Fifth Preface. The peculiarity of this preface is that its lines form a mosaic of excerpts from the 詩品, a poem of Sz Hung-thô 司空圖, thus:—Lines 1, 2, 3 of the preface are extracted from poem x of the 詩品; line 4 from poem iii; line 5 from poem xxiii; line 6 from poem iii; line 7 from poem xi; line 8 from poem xx; line 9 from poem v; line 10 from poem iii; line 11 from poem i; line 12 from poem xx; line 13 from poem vi; and line 14 from poem iii.

The story of Sz Hung-thô is told in 唐書, 卓行傳:—司空圖, 字表聖, 昭宗時, 召拜兵部侍郎, 以足疾歸隱中條山, 朱全忠已篡, 召爲禮部尚書, 圖不食死. 'Sz Hung-thô, alias Pîû Sheng, lived in the reign of Chhîû Tsung (889–905 A.D.). He was given the post of Vice-President of the Board of War. Owing to a foot-disease he retired into seclusion on the mountain Chung-thîû. When Chü Tshün-chung (Giles, No. 475) usurped the throne

(905 A.D.), he invited him to become President of the Board of Rites: but Thô starved himself to death.' Cf. also 唐詩紀事, which says:— 司空圖傷時思古,清音冷然,如世外道人,所謂變而不失其正者. 'Sz Hung-thô was grieved at the times he lived in, and dwelt on the past. His poems were pure in tone and coldly austere, as those of a philosopher retired from the world. So it was said of him that even in revolution he did not lose his principles.'

九天 'the ninth heaven': cf. xxxiv; Mayers, Pt. II, No. 289. In the 漢書, 郊祀志 occurs the sentence 巫祀九天, 'A wizard sacrifices to the nine heavens,' on which Sz-kú 師古 (Mayers, No. 912; Giles, No. 2472) comments:— 中央鈞天,東方蒼天,東北旻天,北方玄天,西北幽天,西方皓天,西南朱天,南方炎天,東南陽天. 'In the middle the Level Heaven: in the east the Green Heaven: in the north-east the Compassionate Heaven: in the north the Sombre Heaven: in the north-west the Obscure Heaven: in the west the White Heaven: in the south-west the Red Heaven: in the south the Fiery Heaven: and in the south-east the Bright Heaven.' This conception of the Nine Heavens, or Nine Divisions of the Celestial Sphere, may be illustrated thus:—

In the 太玄經 of 楊雄 (Mayers, No. 883; Giles, No. 2379) the names given are quite different, viz.:—中天,羨天,從天,更天,晬天,廓天,減天,沈天,成天. The list enumerated by 王應麟 in the 玉海 encyclopaedia, vol. 76, 小學紺珠, is given in Mayers and differs slightly from that of Sz-kú, but corresponds with the 九野 or Nine Fields of Heaven of which 淮南子 (Mayers, Nos. 210, 412; Giles, No. 1269) speaks. On the other hand the nine heavens of the

Buddhists and the later school of Taoists were conceived as successive gradations, sphere above sphere.

Sixth Preface. 南部 Nám-pô: see the 南部烟花記 a book about the *demi-monde* written by Fung Chí 馮贄. Cf. Pref. ix, notes.

唱渭城 'sing the songs of Wai Sheng': cf. the 水經注:—
太史公曰,長安故咸陽也,高帝更名新城,武帝別爲渭城. 'The Grand Recorder (Mayers, No. 660; Giles, No. 1750) says that Chhöng-oan used of old to be known as Hám-yöng. The Emperor Kô Tai (206–194 B.C.) changed its name to San Sheng, and the Emperor Mô Tai (140–86 B.C.) to Wai Sheng.' This town is the modern Si-ngan Fú 西安府, provincial capital of Shensi 陝西, and in 1901 A.D. enjoyed notoriety as the refuge of the Emperor Kwong Sui 光緒, and the Empress Dowager. Under the name Fung Kô 豐鎬 this city was made in 1122 B.C. the capital of the empire by Mô Wong 武王, the first monarch of the Chau 周 dynasty. In the time of the Tshun 秦 dynasty (255–206 B.C.) the name was changed to Hám-yöng, and forty days after the death of Yí Shai Wong Tai 二世皇帝, the last Emperor of the House of Tshun (206 B.C.), Hám-yöng was burnt to the ground by Chhoa Hong-yü 楚項羽. When Kô Tai had allayed the disturbances which followed the downfall of the Tshun dynasty, and had established himself on the throne (202 B.C.), he rebuilt Hám-yöng under the name of San Sheng or New City, and made it the capital of the Prior Hoan 前漢 dynasty, which he founded. His descendant, the Emperor Mô Tai, renamed the city Wai Sheng, after the river Wai 渭河 on which it is situated. In 25 A.D. Kwong Mô Tai 光武帝, founder of the Later Hoan 後漢 dynasty, shifted the seat of empire eastwards from Wai Sheng to Lok-yöng 洛陽 in Honam 河南. Hence the Later Hoan dynasty is also styled Eastern Hoan 東漢, as distinct from the Former Hoan dynasty which is known as Western Hoan 西漢. When in 618 A.D. the House of Thong 唐 was fully acknowledged, the capital was once more removed from Lok-yöng to Wai Sheng, which then received its most famous name Chhöng-oan and remained the seat of empire till the fall of the Thong dynasty in 905 A.D. Compare the 嘉話錄:—
劉伯芻言,所居巷口有賣餅者,過戶未嘗不聞謳歌,一日召與語,貧困可憐,因與萬錢,欣然持去,後遂不復聞歌聲,呼至問曰,汝何輟歌之速也,曰,本領既大心計轉粗,不暇唱渭城矣.
'Lau Phák-chhoa said that at the entrance to the street he lived in was a vender

of cakes, who, as he passed the house, never failed to be singing a song. One day Lau called him to speak with him. The man was pitiably poor, so he gave him 10,000 cash. The other took it with delight and went: but from that day onwards Lau did not hear him singing. He therefore called him and asked: "Why have you so suddenly ceased singing?" The other replied: "Because my capital was large, my heart grew anxious, and I had no leisure to sing the songs of Wai Sheng."'

'The startled swan has vanished,' i.e. the maiden I loved is gone (Mayers, No. 909). The 鴻, or wild swan, is considered a larger congener of the wild goose 雁, which it is said to accompany in its flights. The 雁 is supposed to be peculiarly the 陽鳥 bird of the *yông*, or principle of light and virility in nature. On the one hand, it follows the sun in his wintry course toward the South, and shows an instinctive knowledge of the times and seasons in its migrations. On the other hand, it always flies with the 鴻 in pairs, and for this reason is employed as an emblem of the married state. In the ritual of the Chau 周 dynasty it was accordingly enumerated among the betrothal presents. (Mayers, No. 932.)

杜牧之 Tô Muk-chí: (Mayers, No. 681; Giles, No. 2065). Lived A.D. 803–852. A native of Lok-yông 洛陽: took his degree as metropolitan graduate 進士 about 830 A.D., and rose to be a Secretary of the Grand Council. He was a celebrated poet, and is often spoken of as the Younger Tô 少杜 to distinguish him from Tô Fú 杜甫 (Mayers, No. 680; Giles, No. 2058).

'The dreams of Yông-chau': cf. a poem by Tô Muk-chí called 遣懷詩:—

十年一覺揚州夢 贏得青樓薄倖名

'For ten years I have ever dreamed the dreams of Yông-chau: yet have I earned the name of light of love amid the green arbours,' i.e. though I have been an *habitué* of brothels for ten years, I have never taken to myself a concubine. Yông-chau is a prefecture in the Kiangsu 江蘇 province, and is famous for the beauty of its courtesans, as is also Sô-chau 蘇州 in the same province. These towns correspond in China to the Corinth of classical Greece.

Seventh Preface. 'Verses tearful as those of Yung Mún': cf. 桓譚新論:— 雍門周以琴見孟嘗君, 曰, 先生鼓琴亦能令文悲乎, 雍門周引琴而鼓之, 曲終孟嘗君欷歔流涕. 'Yung Mún-chau, on the strength of his lyre-playing, visited Máng Shông-kwan. The latter asked: "Sir, can you play the lyre so as to make me weep?" Yung Mún-chau brought out his lyre and played it. When the song was over, Máng Shông-kwan sobbed and wept.'

孟嘗君 (Mayers, No. 491; Giles, No. 1515) was the title of Thin Man 田文, son of a powerful vassal of the Prince of Tshai 齊. The number of partisans attracted by his liberality was so great that his abode was designated the Little Empire 小天下. He died in 279 B.C.

Eighth Preface. 錦囊 'the embroidered bag': cf. 唐書, 李賀傳:— 每旦日出, 騎弱馬, 從小奴, 背錦囊, 遇所得書投囊中, 及暮歸, 足成之. 'Each morning day by day he (sc. Leï Hoa) went out riding a pony and followed by a small page-boy. On his back was an embroidered bag. If struck by a thought, he wrote it down and threw what he had written into the bag. In the evening he returned home and elaborated his thoughts completely.' Cf. also *ibidem*:— 賀字長吉, 鄭王之後, 七歲能文. 'Hoa, alias Chhöng-kat, was a descendant of Chäng Wong. When seven years old he was able to write essays.' Leï Hoa 李賀 (Giles, No. 1132), ninth century A.D., was a boy-poet of the Thong 唐 dynasty. The great Hoan Yü 韓愈 (Giles, No. 632) refused to believe in his powers until the boy produced a brilliant poem offhand, before his very eyes. One day he met a strange man riding on a hornless dragon, who said to him, 'God Almighty has finished his Jade Pavilion and has sent for you to be his secretary.' Shortly afterwards he died at the age of twenty-seven.

蘇娘 'Sô Nöng' (Mayers, No. 618; Giles, No. 1779):—cf. 樂府廣題:— 蘇小小, 錢塘名娼也, 南齊時人. 'Sô Siû Siû was a famous courtesan of Tshîn-thong (a district in Chekiang 浙江): she lived in the time of the Southern Tshai dynasty' (i.e. eleventh century A.D.). 蘇小小 was a contemporary and favourite of the poet Só Shik 蘇軾 (Mayers, No. 623; Giles, No. 1785). She was equally distinguished by wit and beauty, and took a brilliant part in the literary and poetical gatherings in which her famous patron delighted. Her tomb, near the banks of the Western Lake 西湖 at Hangchow 杭州, was long the object of poetical pilgrimages.

麻姑爪 'finger-nails like those of Má Kú' (Mayers, No. 471; Giles, No. 1476): cf. 神仙傳:— 王方平降蔡經家, 久之麻姑至, 是好女子, 年十八九許, 麻姑鳥爪, 經心中念背大癢時, 得爪爬背當佳. 'Wong Fong-pheng (Mayers, No. 831; Giles, No. 2256) descended into the home of Tshoi King (Giles, No. 1970). A long time afterwards Má Kú also went there. She was a good girl. Her age was about eighteen or nineteen years. The fingers of Má Kú were like birds' claws. King thought in his heart, when his back was

very ticklish, how nice it would be to use her nails to scratch his back.' Má Kú is one of the female celebrities of Taoist fable. She is said to have been a sister of the Taoist astrologer Wong Fong-pheng, usually known as Wong Yün 王遠, who was in high favour with the Emperor Hoan Wún Tai 漢桓帝 (147–167 A.D.). It is related that once when Fong-pheng revealed himself in the presence of Tshoi King, a man of the people, whom he chose as his disciple and taught, by corporeal sublimation, to free himself from the bonds of death, the magician was accompanied by his sister Má Kú, who appeared in the semblance of a young girl, arrayed in gorgeous apparel, and who waited on her brother and his pupil with strange viands served in platters of gold and chrysoprase. Tshoi King admired her finger-nails and was punished for the wish expressed in the above quotation by having his shoulders suddenly belaboured with strokes from an unseen whip.

繡佛 Maitreya Buddha: cf. a poem of 杜甫 (Mayers, No. 680; Giles, No. 2058), who says:—

蘇晉長齋繡佛前

'Sô Tsun always fasted before the embroidered Buddha.' On this the commentator writes:—蘇晉學浮屠術, 嘗得胡僧繡彌勒佛一本, 寶之. 'Sô Tsun learned the pagoda magic (i.e. priestcraft). Previously a Mongol Buddhist priest had given him a scroll on which Maitreya Buddha was embroidered. This he valued.' 蘇晉 (Mayers, No. 625; Giles, No. 1774), lived in the seventh and eighth centuries A.D. He was one of the Eight Immortals of the Wine-Cup 飲中八仙 (Mayers, Pt. II, No. 252; Giles, No. 1181), and though an excellent Buddhist when sober, was apt to be profane in his cups.

慈雲 'merciful as the (rain-)clouds': cf. XLVII. 26. See 雞跖集:—如來慈心, 如彼大雲, 蔭注世界. 'Tathâgata's (see LXXII. 10, notes) merciful heart, like yon great cloud, saturates the universe.' Maitreya, a derivative of the Skt. मित्र 'a friend,' is frequently transliterated in Chinese as 彌勒 and explained by 慈氏 'he whose name is charity.' 慈雲 is a poetical elaboration of this explanation. Maitreya is a fictitious Bodhisattva often called Ajita, a principal figure in the retinue of Çâkyamuni, though not an historic disciple. It is said that Çâkyamuni visited him in Tushita (Pref. x, notes), and appointed him to issue thence as his successor after the lapse of 5,000 years. Maitreya is therefore the expected Messiah of the Buddhists and even now controls the propagation of the faith. Chinese texts often confuse Maitreya with Avalokiteçvara (mistranslated in Chinese 觀音), the predicted successor of Amitâbha, whose title is 大慈 'most merciful.' See Eitel's *Handbook of Chinese Buddhism.*

'The story of Mok Shau': cf. the 樂府古題要解:—

石城有女子名莫愁善歌

'In Shek Sheng (a township of the Lok-yöng 洛陽 district) was a girl called Mok Shau, who sang beautifully.' Similarly a poem by 武元衡:—

滿堂誰是知音者 不惜千金與莫愁

'In the whole hall who is the best musician? I do not grudge paying a thousand gold pieces to Mok Shau.' Again the Emperor 梁武帝 (502–550 A.D.) writes:—

河中之水向東流 洛陽女兒名莫愁
十五嫁爲盧家婦 十六生兒字阿侯

'The waters of the Yellow River flow eastwards. In Lok-yöng dwells a maiden whose name is Mok Shau. At fifteen years of age she was wedded to Lô as wife: at sixteen she bore a child whose name was Oa Hau.' Finally, the 女紅餘志 says:—

欲知莫愁美 請看阿侯容

'If you wish to know how beautiful was Mok Shau, then look at the face of Oa Hau.'

蕭郎 is the popular name of Sîû Yín 蕭衍 (A.D. 464–549), who in 502 A.D. founded the Löng dynasty under the style of Löng Mô Tai 梁武帝 (Mayers, No. 863 a; Giles, No. 720). Cf. 梁書, 武帝紀:— 王儉一見深相器異, 謂何憲曰, 此蕭郎三十內作侍中, 出此則貴不可言. 'Wong Kím (Giles, No. 2152) at first sight was deeply impressed by his exceptional talents, and said to Hoa Hín: "This Mr. Sîû, when under thirty years of age, will be a Cabinet Minister: when he is over thirty, then I cannot say how eminent he will be."' But in Chinese poetry 蕭郎 no longer retains its original meaning, but has become a generic term for 'lover.' Thus, in 全唐詩話:—

公子王孫逐後塵 綠珠垂淚滴羅巾
侯門一入深如海 從此蕭郎是路人

'Nobles and princes follow in their forefathers' footsteps. Luk Chü (Giles, No. 1709) weeps: her tears fall on her silken kerchief. Once the prince's gates are entered they are deep as the sea: thereafter her lover will become a stranger to her.' 綠珠 was the beautiful concubine of Shek Tshung 石崇 (died 300 A.D.), who was ennobled as Marquis for his successes against the House of Ng 吳, but was executed and his vast wealth, including thirty water-mills

and some 800 slaves, confiscated, on account of his refusal to surrender his concubine to Sün Sau 孫秀, a favourite of Lun 倫, Prince of Chiû 趙, the ninth son of the Emperor Mô Tai 武帝. Just before the arrest of her lover, Luk Chü killed herself by jumping from an upper storey.

碧雲收 'the azure cloud is ingathered,' i.e. his wife is taken away from him. Cf. a poem 擬休上人詩 by 江淹 (Giles, No. 345):—

日暮碧雲合 佳人殊未來

'In the evening the azure clouds unite: yet still the fair maiden does not come.' 碧雲 is used metaphorically of women, and especially of the relation of the sexes: cf. 雲雨 (Mayers, No. 873; see XII. 5. 7).

銷魂橋 'Faint Souls' Bridge': cf. the 開元遺事:— 長安東灞橋, 來迎去送皆至此橋, 爲離別之地, 故時人呼之爲銷魂橋也. 'To the east of Chhöng-oan (Pref. VI, notes) is the Pá Bridge. Those who receive the coming and speed the parting guest, all come to this bridge. They made it the place of parting: therefore the people of that time called it the "Faint Souls'" Bridge.' For 橋頭柳 'the willow-trees at the bridge's head': cf. 三輔黃圖:— 灞橋在長安東, 跨水作橋, 漢人送客至此橋, 折柳贈別. 'The Pá Bridge is to the east of Chhöng-oan: it was made to span the water. In the Hoan dynasty friends accompanied their parting guests to this bridge, snapped off a willow-twig and gave it them as a token of farewell.' See LXXVI. 2. 3; XXXV. 5. 8.

'The song of the Land of Flowers and Vapour': cf. Pref. VI, IX, notes. 烟花 is symbolical of transience, and is therefore frequently used in Chinese poetry as a metaphor for a courtesan: cf. XIV. 9; XXXI. 2. 9; XXXIV. 9; XLV. 3; LVII. 7. 烟花地 is poetical Chinese for a brothel: cf. XXXI. 1. 1; XLVI. 3; LXXXVII. 1. Similarly XLVII. 10 烟花塲 and XII. 1. 6 烟花叢.

NINTH PREFACE. 蘇臺 see Pref. III, notes: cf. the 越絕書:—

吳王築姑蘇臺五年乃成高二百丈

'The Prince of Ng built the tower of Kú Sô-thoi. In five years he completed it. It was 2,000 feet high.' See also the 李白詩:—

姑蘇臺上烏栖時 吳王宮裏醉西施

'When on Kú Sô-thoi the crows go to roost, the prince of Ng within the palace is in wassail with Sai Shí.'

'The sonnets of Sít Thô': (Mayers, No. 585; Giles, No. 743) 薛濤 was a famous courtesan who lived at Sheng-tô 成都, the capital of Szechuan during

the ninth century A.D. Excelling as a female wit and verse-writer, her name was given by her admirers to the ornamented notepaper on which she wrote her poems. This ornamental notepaper was said to have been dipped by her in a stream from which water had been taken some years before by a concubine of Tshöü Neng 崔 窱 (Giles, No. 2044), to wash the stole of a Buddhist priest who had fallen into a cesspool, and which stream had at once become miraculously filled with flowers. Cf. the 寰宇記:— 浣花溪在成都西郭外, 名百花潭, 薛濤家其旁, 以潭水造紙爲十色箋. 'The mountain-stream Yün-fá is beyond the western suburb of Sheng-tô, and is called the Hundred Flower Stream. The house of Sít Thô was close by. She used the water of this stream to fabricate notepaper of ten colours.' Cf. also the 資暇錄:— 元和初薛濤尙松花箋, 而好製小詩, 惜其幅大乃狹小爲之, 名曰薛濤箋. 'In 806 A.D., Sít Thô liked the fir-flower notepaper: but, when she grew fond of writing short poems, she considered the sheets of this notepaper too large. So she made sheets compressed to a smaller size, which were called Sít Thô notepaper.'

'The Record of Smoke and Flowers': i.e. the 南部烟花記, a book written by Fung Chí 馮贄 of the Thong 唐 dynasty (cf. Pref. VI, notes).

雪兒 cf. the 全唐詩話:— 雪兒李密之愛姬, 能歌舞, 每見賓僚文章有奇麗者, 卽付雪兒歌之. 'Süt Yí was the beloved concubine of Leï Mat (Mayers, No. 359; Giles, No. 1176). She could sing and dance. Whenever Leï Mat saw that the compositions of co-officials who were his guests had extraordinary grace, he at once gave them to Süt Yí to sing.

'The maiden loved by Tô and Wai': cf. the 韋應物杜司空席上贈妓詩 (i.e. poems given by Wai Ying-mat and Tô, the Minister of Works, over their cups to a singing-girl):—

高髻雲鬟宮樣粧 春風一曲杜韋娘

'A high chignon, a cloud-like braiding of the hair, even the toilet fashion of the palace ladies, such is the theme of the Spring Wind song of the maiden loved by Tô and Wai.' Wai Ying-mat 韋應物, eighth century A.D., was a native of Chhöng-oan 長安 (see Pref. VI, notes) in Shensi. In early life he was a soldier in the bodyguard of the Emperor Yün Tsung 玄宗 (685–762 A.D.); but after a course of study, he entered upon a civil career. He filled several important posts and finally rose to be governor of Sô-chau 蘇州. His poetry is said to have testified to a pure and lofty character: it was simple in expression and pregnant with meaning.

杜司空 (Giles, No. 2058; Mayers, No. 680) is more commonly given the title 工部. His name is 杜甫, and he lived 712–770 A.D. Of brilliant promise in early youth, he failed to distinguish himself at the public examinations, and took to poetry as a profession. He soon attracted the attention of Yün Tsung, who bestowed upon him a position at court, where no doubt he made the acquaintance of 韋應物 and combined with him in writing court poems. When, in A.D. 755, Yün Tsung was dethroned, Tô Fú was driven into exile, from which he returned at the accession of the Emperor Suk Tsung 肅宗 (756–762 A.D.) to undertake the dangerous duties of Censor. The honest fulfilment of these duties brought him eventually into disgrace with the emperor, and he was appointed governor of a town in Shensi, which was practically a sentence of banishment. Accordingly he resigned and retired into the wilds of Szechuan 四川, where for some time he spent a wandering life. In spite of this, he was appointed to a post in connexion with the grain supply; and on his refusal of the same, to a more congenial post as President in the Board of Works 大司空 (N.B. the Board of Works is called 工部), which he held for six years, but finally went back to his wandering life. He died of a surfeit due to eating heartily after having been cut off from food for ten days by a flood. 雲鬟, compare 烟鬟 'a smoke-like coiffure,' sometimes used for a cloud-like hair arrangement, sometimes for black hair.

'Chau the Critic,' i.e. 周瑜 (Mayers, No. 75; Giles, No. 428), lived 174–218 A.D. A native of Shü 舒 in Anhui 安徽, he was one of the chief adherents of the House of Ng 吳, one of the Three Kingdoms which divided the empire of the Hoan 漢 dynasty. When Sün Kín 孫堅 (Mayers, No. 630; Giles, No. 1798) took up arms to oppose Tung Chhök 董卓 (Mayers, No. 687; Giles, No. 2091), he stayed for a time in Chau Yü's native place, and his son Sün Chhák 孫策 (Mayers, No. 631; Giles, No. 1823), who was of the same age as Chau Yü, became the latter's bosom friend. In 198 A.D. Chau Yü obtained a command in the forces of Sün Kín, and was popularly known as 周郎. On the death of Sün Chhák, he attached himself to the second son, Sün Khün 孫權 (Mayers, No. 632; Giles, No. 1803), whose trusted counsellor he remained during the long struggle which ensued between the house of Ng and the two rival States. He is said to have had such an exquisite ear for music that if any one played or sang a false note, he would immediately look up, even though tipsy. Cf. 吳志, 周瑜傳:—

瑜少精意於音樂, 雖三爵之後其有闕誤瑜必知之, 知之必顧, 故時人謠曰, 曲有誤, 周郎顧.

'When Yü was a child he was clever at music. Later on, even after drinking three bumpers of wine, Yü at once knew if the musicians had made an omission

or a mistake. Knowing it, he always turned his head to look. Therefore the men of that time said proverbially—'If the song has a mistake, Chau will at once turn his head to look.'

TENTH PREFACE. 'The Heaven of Tushita.' 兜率 is the Chinese transliteration of the Sanskrit तुषित, explained by 喜樂 'joyful.' It is the fourth of the six Devalokas देवलोक, or Celestial Worlds 天宮, where all Bodhisattvas, or saints of the third class, are reborn before finally appearing on earth as Buddha. Maitreya (Pref. VIII, notes) resides there, but is, like all other Bodhisattvas, who have reached Tushita, already engaged in promoting Buddhism, and occasionally appears on earth by the Anupapâdaka birth 化生. Life in Tushita lasts 400 years, twenty-four hours being equal to 400 years on earth. See Eitel's *Handbook of Chinese Buddhism*: cf. 法念經:—若人持不殺不盜不邪婬不妄語兩舌惡口綺語得生兜率陀天. 'If a man holds the doctrine of not killing, not robbing, not fornicating, not lying, neither is of a double-tongue or a cruel mouth, nor uses words enticing to sin, then he is born in the Tushita heaven.'

Pák Shek: cf. 神仙傳:—白石先生者中黃丈人弟子也, 彭祖時已二千餘歲矣, 常煮白石爲糧, 因就白石山居, 時人號曰白石先生, 彭祖問何不服升天之藥, 荅曰, 天人復能比人間藥乎, 天上多至尊, 相奉事更苦於人間, 故時人呼先生爲隱遁仙人. 'Pák Shek was a pupil of the aged scholar Chung Wong. In the days of Pháng Tsô (Mayers, No. 561; Giles, No. 1641) he was already 2,000 years old. He used to boil white stones as his food: and, because he lived on the Pák Shek mountain, the men of the time called him Mr. Pák Shek. Pháng Tsô asked him: "Why do you not drink the drug which makes men ascend to heaven?" He replied: "The angels in heaven cannot be as happy as mortal men: for in heaven are many transcendent beings, the waiting upon whom is more bitter than subservience among men." Therefore the men of that time called him "an angel concealed on earth."'

Sîû-hung: cf. the 清異錄:—唐昭宗琵琶工名闕小紅. 'Under the reign of the Emperor Chhîû Tsung (889–905 A.D.) of the Thong dynasty lived a guitar-player named Kwán Sîû-hung.'

'He is become a school of poetry in himself' 自成家: cf. the saying attributed to Tsô Weng 祖瑩 of the Northern Ngai 魏 dynasty:—文章須自出機杼, 成一家風骨, 何能共人同生活也. 'An author's literary productions should issue from his own loom and in form

and style should constitute a class of their own. How can an author be content to be as others are?' See 成語考, chap. xxvi, sentence 41 (J. H. S. Lockhart, p. 441), and 北史, 祖瑩傳, book xlvii, leaf 11.

Khê-theng: cf. the 集異記:—開元中詩人王昌齡高適王之渙齊名, 一日共詣旗亭飲酒, 忽有伶官十數人會讌, 三人因私約曰, 我輩各擅詩名, 今觀諸伶謳, 若詩人歌詞多者爲優, 俄一伶唱寒雨連江夜入吳, 昌齡引手畫壁曰, 一絶句, 又一伶謳開篋淚沾臆, 適引手畫壁曰, 一絶句, 尋又一伶謳奉帚平明金殿開, 昌齡又畫壁曰, 二絶句, 之渙因指諸妓中最佳者曰, 此子所唱如非我詩, 終身不敢與爭衡矣, 須臾雙鬟發聲曰, 黃河遠上白雲間, 之渙大笑盡醉竟日. 'During the period between 713 and 742 A.D. the poets Wong Chhöng-leng (Giles, No. 2138), Kô Shik (Giles, No. 960), and Wong Chí-wún were of equal fame. One day they all three came to Khê-theng and drank wine. Suddenly some ten or more musicians met and conversed with them. So the three poets secretly made a plan and said: "We each claim renown in poetry. To-day we see all those musicians singing. Whichever's poems enter most into the libretto of their songs, he shall be pre-eminent." Soon one musician sang: "The chill rain mingled with the river flows at night into the Ng country." Chhöng-leng, thereupon, wrote with his hand on the wall, saying: "One verse to me." Next, another musician sang: "I open the covers, then the tears fall upon my breast." Kô Shik, then, wrote with his hand on the wall, saying: "One verse to me." Afterwards a third musician sang: "Do service! Sweep away the dirt e'er dawn of day! Open the golden palace!" Chhöng-leng again wrote on the wall, saying: "A second verse to me." Then Chí-wún pointed at the most beautiful of all the singing-girls and said: "If this girl does not sing a song of mine, I shall not venture all my life long to contest the title of victor with you two." Before long the maid with the double top-knot broke into song and said: "The Yellow River mounts afar into the white clouds" [a reference to the legend that the Yellow River 黃河 flows into the Milky Way]. Chí-wún laughed aloud and was intoxicated all day long.' 王昌齡, who lived in the eighth century A.D., was a native of 江寧. He passed as metropolitan graduate 進士 and distinguished himself as poet. He was employed for some time at the capital, but fell into disfavour and was finally sent to Lung-phîû 龍標 in Hunan 湖南. When Oan Luk-shán 安祿山 (Mayers, No. 525; Giles, No. 11) broke into rebellion, he returned to his native place where he was slain by Löü Yau-hîû 閭丘曉, the Censor.

高適, who lived in the seventh and eighth centuries A.D., was a native of Tshong-chau 滄州 in Shántung 山東. His early youth was passed in poverty. He fell in love with an actress, and travelled far and wide with her, writing operatic pieces for the company to which she belonged. When he had already passed fifty years of age, he took to poetry; and in this line he succeeded so well as to rival the fame of Sham Tshám 岑參 (Giles, No. 2017), writing very much in the same style, and earning for himself the nickname of 高岑. Only in his old age did he begin to reap the reward of his labours, being then ennobled as Marquis.

For 旗亭, see also 洛陽伽藍記:—龍華寺宿衛羽林虎賁所立也, 里有土臺高三丈, 上作二精舍, 趙逸云此臺是中朝旗亭也, 上有二層樓, 懸鼓擊之以罷市. 'In the street leading past the Lung Wâ Temple, which was built by the Imperial Bodyguard, the Life-Guards, and the Yeomen of the Guard, there stood an earthen tower thirty-six feet high. On the top of the tower were two beautiful houses. Chîû Yat says that this building was the flag-tower (旗亭) of the capital, and that the houses on it were two stories high. A drum was hung up there; and, when it was struck, the markets were closed for the day.' Now in the time of the Thong dynasty Chhöng-oan 長安 (see Pref. VI, notes) was the capital: it would appear therefore that Khê-theng refers to the beautiful houses 精舍 on the flag-tower in Chhöng-oan, and that it was there that the three poets met for their contest.

'Songs of Kong-chau,' i.e. the songs of Pák Köü-yí 白居易 (Mayers, No. 546; Giles, No. 1654), one of China's greatest poets, who lived 772–846 A.D. As a child he was most precocious in his knowledge of written characters. He graduated as 進士 at the age of seventeen, and entered upon an official career. He became a member of the Hanlin College 翰林院 and soon rose to high rank under the Emperor Hín Tshung 憲宗 (806–821 A.D.). However, one day he was suddenly banished to Kong-chau 江州 as magistrate, which somewhat disgusted him with public life. To console himself, he built a retreat at Höng-shán 香山, by which name and also by his title 江州司馬 (see XII. 4. 3, notes) he is sometimes called: and there together with eight congenial companions, he gave himself up to poetry and speculations upon a future life. To escape recognition and annoyance, all names were dropped, and the party was generally known as 'The Nine Old Gentlemen of Höng-shán' 香山九老. The emperor hearing this transferred him to be Governor of Chung-chau 忠州, and on the accession of Muk Tshung 穆宗 in 821 A.D. he was sent as Governor to Hangchow 杭州 where he constructed one of the great embankments of the beautiful

Western Lake 西湖, still known from his name as Pák's Embankment 白隄. His verses resemble in their character those of Leï Pák 李白 (Mayers, No. 361; Giles, No. 1181), like whom he was enthusiastic in praises of the wine-cup.

'Elf of the Gem Lake.' The 瑤池 (Mayers, No. 903) winds, according to Taoist legends, on the left of the fairy abode of Sai Wong Mô 西王母 (Mayers, No. 572; Giles, No. 680), at the foot of the Tortoise Mountain in the fabulous Kwan-lun 崑崙 range (Mayers, No. 330).

Eleventh Preface. 'Brahmans.' The Sanskrit ब्राह्मण is transliterated in Chinese 婆羅門.

'Tshun' and 'Chhoa': cf. Pref. II, notes.

'Shîû Shuk': cf. the preface to a poem by 李商隱 called 'The Song of the Willow Branch' 柳枝詩:—余從昆讓山下馬柳枝南柳下, 詠余燕臺詩, 柳枝驚問誰人有此, 讓山謂曰, 此吾里中少年叔耳, 柳枝手斷長帶結與讓山爲贈叔乞詩. 'My cousin, Yöng Shán, dismounted from his horse under the willow-trees situated to the south of the house of Lau Chí. He sang a song of Yín Thoi. Lau Chí was startled and asked: "Who wrote that?" Yöng Shán replied and said: "A young cousin of mine who lives in my village." Lau Chí tore off with her hand a ribbon, and tying it into a lover's knot (同心結) gave it to Yöng Shán so that he might request his cousin to write her a poem."' The 'young cousin' 少年叔 referred to is Leï Shöng-yan 李商隱 himself (Mayers, No. 364; Giles, No. 1188), who lived 813–858 A.D. and was a native of Hoa-noi 河內 in Honan 河南. He graduated as 進士 in 837 A.D. and rose to be a Reader in the Hanlin College 翰林院, distinguishing himself as a poet and a scholar. The history of the origin of his passion for the courtesan 柳枝 is given in the passage quoted above. The poem which Leï Shöng-yan wrote for Lau Chí was given by him the title 柳枝詩, involving a play on words (see Pref. VIII, notes).

Twelfth Preface. Such explanation as I am able to give of this preface is contained in Introduction VI.

Song III. Line 13. 紅樓夢 'the Red Chamber Dream,' is the convenient, but erroneous, title popularly given to the 石頭記, the most famous among Chinese novels (Giles, *Chinese Literature*, pp. 355–384). It was probably composed during the latter half of the seventeenth century A.D. The name of its author is unknown. It is usually published in twenty-four volumes, containing 120 chapters,

which average thirty pages each, making a grand total of about 4,000 pages. The hero and heroine of the novel are Pô-yuk 寶玉 and Toi-yuk 黛玉, but no fewer than 400 personages are introduced, among whom are Sister Tertia 尤三姐 and Lau Söng-lîn 柳湘蓮, their story being told in the sixty-sixth chapter of the novel which is entitled:

情小妹恥情歸地府　冷二郎心冷入空門

Yau Sám Tsä, as her name indicates, was the youngest of three sisters. Her eldest sister was the wife of Ká Chan 賈珍, and her second sister was the concubine of his brother Ká Lín 賈璉, while she herself was still unmarried, but had made her home with her sisters in the Ká 賈 family, living a virtuous life in dissolute surroundings, for the men of the Ká family, though of high official position, had an evil reputation. One day Lau Söng-lîn, a scholar, met Yau Sám Tsä and fell in love with her, as did she with him. They were betrothed and Lau gave his fiancée two swords with the words 鴛鴦 (Mayers, No. 969) graven on them. Not long afterwards, Lau heard of the dissolute habits of the Ká family, and fearing that Sám Tsä had been corrupted, he broke off the engagement and asked for the return of the two swords. Sám Tsä thereupon handed him back one sword, but stabbed herself to death with the other. In his grief at her suicide Lau Söng-lîn became a Buddhist monk.

Song V. Line 9. 'The Cassia Garden' (Mayers, No. 300). During the Thong 唐 dynasty it was recounted that a cassia-tree grew in the Moon, this notion being derived apparently from an Indian source. The *çál* tree (शाल transliterated in Chinese 沙羅 and known to botanists as *Shorea robusta*), sacred in memory of Çâkyamuni's birth and death, was said during the Sung 宋 dynasty to be identical with the cassia-tree in the moon 月中桂. It is said to be especially visible at mid-autumn, and hence to take a degree at the examinations for Provincial Graduate 舉人, which are held at this period, is described as 折桂葉 'plucking a leaf from the cassia,' or 蟾宮折桂 'plucking the cassia in the mansion of the moon.' The meaning of the text is, therefore: 'If indeed I am as precious as the cassia-tree in the moon, only scholars of distinction, and not any chance comers, should pluck my leaves.'

15. 九泉 'the nine springs,' also known as 黃泉 'the yellow springs,' i. e. Hades, the next world.

Song VI. Line 4. 'The goose-borne missive.' In 100 B.C. Sô Mô 蘇武 (Mayers, No. 628; Giles, No. 1792) was sent by the Emperor Hoan Mô Tai 漢武帝 (140–86 B.C.), whose chamberlain he was, on a mission to the Khan of Hung Nô 匈奴. While at the latter's court the envoy sought to compass the death of

Wai Lut 衛律, a Chinese renegade who stood in high favour with the Khan; but, his plot being discovered, he was cast with his followers into confinement and called upon to renounce his allegiance to the house of Hoan. This he refused to do and was therefore immured for many days in a prison without food or water, but was enabled, it is said, to sustain life by imbibing the moisture collected from the rain and snow which soaked his garments. He was subsequently sent into the deserts surrounding Lake Balkash, where he tended the 匈奴 flocks for nineteen years. According to a popular legend, he contrived, after many years' detention, to inform the emperor of his whereabouts by attaching a missive to the leg of a wild goose when commencing its southward flight. This bird was shot by the emperor while hunting in his pleasure-grounds, and the captivity of Sô Mô thus became known, whereupon steps were taken to release him. Owing to this legend the goose has become a metaphor in Chinese for epistolary correspondence.

7. 'O my prince,' honorific address. (1) When the Tshun 秦 dynasty finally established itself in 255 B.C. and the period of Divided China 列國 was closed, the rulers of the seven petty kingdoms which had disputed the empire with the house of Tshun were reduced to the rank of ordinary citizens. At that time, when ex-princes, and ex-princes' sons and grandsons abounded, the form of address 王孫 first made its appearance. At the present time it is merely a poetical equivalent of the pronoun of the second person. (2) Perhaps the reference may be to 卓王孫 (XXVI. 7, notes), whose daughter 文君 eloped against her father's wish.

SONG VII. LINE 5. 'Sûtras' from the first of the three divisions, Tripiṭaka 三藏, of the Buddhist canon, viz. (1) Sûtra-piṭaka 經藏 or writings containing the words of Çâkyamuni and generally beginning with 如是我聞 (एतन्मया श्रुतं) 'This is what I heard'; (2) Vinaya-piṭaka 律藏 works on ecclesiastical discipline; (3) Abhidharma-piṭaka 論藏 or philosophical treatises.

9. 'The fragrant sticks' 香, i.e. the incense sticks, commonly called 'joss-sticks,' which the Chinese are accustomed to burn as an offering to their idols.

12. 'The Boat of Mercy' 慈航. The reference is primarily to the legend of Avalôkitêçvara 觀音 living in the island of Potala and saving mariners from shipwreck (see Introd. V): but secondarily also to the Buddhist doctrine which is often spoken of under the metaphor of an ark of salvation, rescuing men from the sea of sin. Kún Yam is frequently known by her epithet 大慈 'great mercy.'

SONG VIII. LINE 9. 'That pair of swallows flying side by side': cf. the 江總:—

願並迎春比翼燕 常作照日同心花

'I would fain resemble the swallow with double body but one pair of wings, which welcomes the spring, and be like to the concord flowers which face the sun.' Perhaps the words 雙飛燕 contain an allusion also to Chîû Fê-yín (Mayers, No. 41; Giles, No. 151) 趙飛燕 and her sister Chîû Hop-tak 趙合德, famous beauties of the first century B.C., who being left unprotected on the death of their father Fung Mán-kam 馮萬金, made their way to the capital, where, after maintaining themselves for a time as courtesans, they attracted the notice of the Emperor Sheng Tai 成帝 in B.C. 18 and were taken into his seraglio. In B.C. 16 the Emperor made Fê-Yîn (flying swallow) his Empress-Consort and conferred the rank of Lady of Honour 昭儀 upon the younger sister.

Song XI (1). Line 5. Yöng Kwai-fê 楊貴妃 (Mayers, No. 887; Giles, No. 2394), celebrated as the all-powerful favourite of the Emperor Thong Yün Tsung 唐玄宗 (713–756 A.D.). She was the daughter of Yöng Yün-yím 楊玄琰 a petty functionary of Shuk-chau 蜀州 in Western China, and bore in childhood the name Yuk Wán 玉環, to which no doubt there is an allusion in the 玉骨 'jade bones' of the text. Having attracted notice by her surpassing beauty, she became in A.D. 735 one of the concubines of Prince Shau 壽王, the emperor's eighteenth son. Three years later, on the death of the then imperial favourite, the ministers of Yün Tsung cast their eyes upon the lovely Princess Yöng. No sooner had the emperor obtained a sight of his daughter-in-law than he became violently enamoured of her, and caused her to be enrolled among the ladies of his seraglio, bestowing in exchange another consort on his son. In A.D. 745 she was raised to the rank of 貴妃, a title second in dignity to that of the empress only, and year after year the emperor abandoned himself more completely to amorous dalliance with his concubine, ransacking tributary kingdoms for gems to enhance her beauty and sparing no extravagance to gratify her caprices. These days of licentious enjoyment terminated in the rebellion of Oan Luk-shán 安祿山 (Mayers, No. 525; Giles, No. 11), the emperor's unworthy minion. During the hurried flight of the court before the advancing insurgents in A.D. 756, the imperial *cortège* having halted at the entrenched position of Má Ngai 馬嵬, the beaten and famished soldiery rose in revolt, and satiated their vengeance in the blood of the imperial consort. With unutterable anguish, the still fondly-enamoured monarch was constrained to order his faithful attendant, the eunuch Kô Lek-sz 高力士 to strangle Yöng Fê (some say she was hanged on a pear-tree) and bury her by the road-side.

6. Wong Chhîû-kwan 王昭君 (Mayers, No 45; Giles, No. 2148), a famous heroine of romance: said to have been taken into the harem of Hoan Yün Tai 漢元帝 in 48 B.C., where, however, she was secluded from the notice of her

imperial lord through the malice of his treacherous minister Mô Yín-shau 毛延壽. The latter had been commissioned to bring her to the palace, on a report of her beauty reaching the court, and she was found by him to be of surpassing loveliness, the daughter of poor but worthy parents. Her father refused to pay a sum demanded from him as bribe by Mô Yín-shau, who in revenge presented to the emperor a portrait so little like the original, that His Majesty conceived no wish to see the new addition to his seraglio, and she languished in oblivion for years, until chance threw the emperor across her path, when he at once became enamoured of her beauty. The faithless minister, his wiles discovered, fled from the court and took refuge with the Khan of the Hung Nô 匈奴, to whom he showed the real portrait of Chhîû-kwan. The Khan, fired by the hope of obtaining possession of so peerless a beauty, invaded China in irresistible force, and only consented to retire beyond the Great Wall when the lady was surrendered to him. She accompanied her savage captor, bathed in tears, until the banks of the Amur 黑龍江 were reached, when, rather than go beyond the fatal boundary, she plunged into the waters of the stream and was drowned. Her corpse was interred on the banks of the river, and it is related that the tumulus raised above her grave remained covered with undying verdure, whence the tomb is called 青冢.

7. Sîû Tsheng 小青: cf 情天寶鑑, book xiv, leaf 16:— 小青者虎林某生姬也, 家廣陵, 與生同姓故諱之, 僅以小青, 字雲娘, 風根穎異, 十歲遇一老尼授心經, 一再過了了, 覆之不失一字, 尼曰是兒早慧福薄. 'Sîû Tsheng was the concubine of a certain graduate of Fú-lam: her home was in Kwong-leng. Because her surname was the same as that of her lover it has been suppressed, and the girl is only known as Sîû Tsheng: her second names were Wan Nöng. She was unusually intelligent. When ten years of age she met an old woman who taught her the Prajñâpâramitâ-hṛdaya-sûtra. After once reading it, she was word-perfect. The old woman said: "This girl is precocious in learning, but her fortune will be fragile."' This prophecy came true, for Sîû Tsheng and her lover's wife became bitter enemies, and one day after a passionate quarrel, in which the wife carried the day, the story proceeded as follows:— 一曰語老嫗曰, 可傳語宛業, 郎命一艮畫師來, 師至命寫照, 寫畢攬鏡熟視曰, 得吾形似耳, 未盡吾神也, 姑置之, 又易一圖曰, 神是矣, 而風態未流動也, 若見我面目端莊手太矜持故也, 姑置之, 命提筆於旁, 而自語嫗指顧語笑, 或扇茶鐺, 或簡書, 或自整衣褶, 或代

調丹堊諸色，縱其想會，須臾圖成，果極纖妖之致，笑曰，可矣，師去，取圖供榻前，焚香，設梨酒，奠之曰，小青小青此中豈有汝緣分乎，撫几淚潸潸如雨，一慟而絕. 'Sîû Tsheng said to her maids: "Bid the artists' studios send me a good portrait-painter." The painter came, and she bade him paint her portrait. When he had finished it, she took a mirror, and, gazing long into it, she said: "The likeness is there, but not the expression." So she set it aside; but, when a second portrait had been painted, she said: "The expression is there, yet it lacks vivacity. Perhaps it is because the melancholy of my face deceives you." So she set it aside, and bade him take his brush and stand beside her, while she spoke to her maids, looked at them, talked and laughed, or fanned the tea-stove, or chose a book, or plucked at her clothes, or ground paints for the artist. Soon the portrait was painted, surpassing in grace and loveliness. She smiled and said: "That will do." When the painter left, she took the picture and made obeisance to it at her bedside, burning the joss-sticks and pouring a libation of pear-wine before it. Then with a cry—"Sîû Tsheng! Sîû Tsheng! was this your fate?"—she fell back upon a chair, weeping like rain, and with the cry she died.'

8. Shap Nöng 十娘: see 今古奇觀, book v, the section entitled 杜十娘怒沈百寶箱, where is told the story of Tô Mê 杜媺, who being the tenth among her brothers and sisters was called 杜十娘. She lived during the reign of 萬歷, an emperor of the Meng 明 dynasty (1573–1620 A.D.). At the age of thirteen she became a courtesan and at the age of nineteen, when already rich with her earnings, she met at Peking a certain Leï Yü-sín 李于先 of the district 紹興府 in the Chekiang 浙江 province, whose father, the lieutenant-governor of Chekiang, had sent him to Peking to read for his degree as 舉人. Leï and Shap Nöng fell deeply in love, but after a year in Peking the student had spent all his money, and his father, hearing of his son's doings, ordered him home. Shap Nöng went with her lover, and the two were travelling on the river 潞河 making their way to 紹興府, when they met a wealthy acquaintance of Leï Yü-sín, named Sün Fû 孫富, who, availing himself of the poverty of Leï and his fear of his father's anger, induced the lover to sell him his mistress for a sum of $1,000. Shap Nöng, learning of the bargain, when she was handed over next morning and passed from the ship of her lover to that of Sün Fû, brought out a casket which she opened under the eyes of both Leï and Sün, showing them its contents of priceless jewels. Then, reproaching her lover for his cruelty and avarice, she took the casket in her arms, sprang into the river with it, and was drowned.

13. 'The golden well' 金井: cf. the line of 王昌齡 (Giles, No. 2138):—

金井梧桐秋葉黃. 'Yellow in autumn are the elm-leaves over the golden well.' The story is told of a certain Portuguese astronomer 欽天監 at the Imperial Chinese court, who, when asked by a rival astronomer 張天師 when was the day on which summer changed to autumn, replied: 'In Hok-kung 學宮 is a well: beside this well is an elm 梧桐, which if autumn has not yet come does not lose its leaves. Take a golden bowl and place it at the edge of the well: then, when the exact day comes, an elm-leaf will fall into the bowl. That is the day!'

19. 'The Tomb of a Hundred Flowers' 百花墳: see 廣東新語 book xix, the section entitled 素馨斜:—崇禎間,有名姬張喬死,人各種花一本於其冢,凡得數百本,五色爛然,與花田相望亦曰花冢. 'In the time of Shung Cheng (1628 A.D.) there was a famous courtesan named Chöng Khîû. On her death, each of her lovers planted a flower on her tomb. In all there were some hundred flowers. The colour of the flowers was variegated and very beautiful. It was in sight of the Jasmine Hill, and was called the Tomb of Flowers.' Cf. xi. 2. 14.

Song XI (2). Line 3. 'In how slim-waisted a fashion': cf. the phrase of Pâk Köü-yî 白居易 in describing the slender waist of his handmaiden Sîû Man 小蠻 (Mayers, No. 579), 楊柳小蠻腰 'willow-like, the waist of Sîû Man.'

11. 'The Yöng Kwán gate' is situated in the Lung-lak 龍勒 district of the province of Kansuh 甘肅 on the frontier of China and Mongolia. As it opened on to a foreign country it is frequently used in poetry to symbolize 'parting.' Compare the 送元仁使西安詩 by the poet Wong Wai 王維 (Mayers, No. 827; Giles, No. 2241):—

渭城朝雨挹輕塵　客舍青青柳色新
勸君更盡一杯酒　西出陽關無故人

'Lightly falls the rain on the dusty road of Wai Sheng (see Pref. vi. 12, notes), and freshly green are the willows near the inn. I entreat you, Sir, to drain another bumper, for once you have gone West beyond the Yöng Barrier, you will meet no old friend.' (成語考, chap. xii, sentence 28, translated by J. H. S. Lockhart.)

14. 'Shed tears for the Hundred Flowers': cf. xi. 1. 19. See Giles's *Chinese Literature*, p. 365, where the allusion is to 紅樓夢, the 27th 回:—'Sometimes, however, a shade of serious thought would darken Toi-yuk's moments of enforced solitude; and one day Pô-yuk surprised her in a secluded part of the garden, engaged in burying flowers which had been blown down by the wind, while singing the following lines:—

'Flowers fade and fly, and flying fill the sky;
Their bloom departs, their perfume gone, yet who stands pitying by? . . .
Oh, let me sadly bury them beside these steps to-night! . . .
Farewell dear flowers, for ever now thus buried as 'twas best,
I have not yet divined when I with you shall sink to rest.
I who can bury flowers like this a laughing-stock shall be;
I cannot say in days to come what hands shall bury me.
See how when spring begins to fail each opening flow'ret fades:
So too there is a time of age and death for beauteous maids;
And when the fleeting spring is gone, and days of beauty o'er,
Flowers fall, and lovely maidens die, and both are known no more.'

花謝花飛飛滿天
紅消香斷有誰憐
. . . . . .
階前悶殺葬花人
. . . . . .
爾今死去儂收葬
未卜儂身何日喪
儂今葬花人笑癡
他年葬儂知是誰
試看春殘花漸落
便是紅顏老死時
一朝春盡紅顏老
花落人亡兩不知

Song XI (3). Line 3. 'To bribe the summer' 買夏, i.e. persuade the summer not to pass away: cf. 蘇軾詩:—

探春先揀樹　買夏欲論園

'If you wish to commune with spring, choose trees as your theme: if you would bribe the summer, be forward to speak of gardens.' The lotus is the flower of summer. Compare also the phrase 買春 'bribe the spring': see 孔平仲 榆錢詩:—

買住春光費幾錢

'How many cash must you spend to bribe the green spring?'

4. 'Fairyland's magic blossoms' 閬苑名花: cf. 續仙傳:—

殷七七, 各天祥, 周寶鎮浙西, 七七忽到, 能開非時花, 寶常嘗試之悉有驗, 鶴林寺杜鵑

高丈餘，三女子共遊花下，俗傳女子花神也，寶謂七七，此花可開否，重九將近，能副此日乎，七七乃前二日往宿焉，中夜女子來謂七七曰，妾乃上玄所命下司此花，然此花在人間已逾百年，非久卽歸閬苑去，今與道者共開之，來日花漸坼蕚，及九日爛熳如春，其後鶴林寺犯兵火焚寺，樹失株根，信歸閬苑矣. 'Yan Tshat-tshat was named Thín-tshöng. When Chau Pô was governor of Chekiang, Tshat-tshat suddenly came to him, being able to make flowers blossom out of season. Pô wished to make test of him in all ways. Now in the Hok-lam Temple there is a red azalea, upwards of ten feet in height. Three fairy maidens were wont to roam together beneath its flowers: for which reason they were commonly called flower-spirits. Chau Pô said to Tshat-tshat: "Can you cause this azalea to burst into blossom? The ninth day of the ninth moon is almost come; can you make it blossom at this season?" So Tshat-tshat, two days afterwards, came and slept there. At midnight the fairy maidens came and said to Tshat-tshat: "We were bidden by high heaven to come down to earth and watch over this flower. Now this flower has been among men for more than a hundred years: but before long it will return to fairyland. To-night we will aid you in making the flower blossom." Next day the azalea began to bud, and by the ninth day of the ninth moon its flowers were full-blown as in the spring-time. Thereafter the Hok-lam Temple was set on fire by some rebel soldiers and burnt to the ground. The azalea perished root and branch, and is believed to have returned to fairyland.' 杜鵑花 is the *Rhododendron indicum*, 'red azalea.'

12. 'The mystic lotus-bowl' 蓮花咒鉢: cf. 成語考, chap. 28, sentence 17:— 佛圖澄顯神通，咒蓮生鉢. 'Buddhôchinga manifested his magic talents—on his pronouncing a dhârâṇi a lotus-flower grew in his patera' (J. H. S. Lockhart, p. 325). Buddhôchinga 佛圖澄 (Giles, No. 574), died 348 A.D., was a native of India who propagated Buddhism in China with the aid of magic. The Emperor Shek Lak 石勒 (Giles, No. 1720) invited him to his court in order to test his wisdom, and it is related that the Buddhist taking a bowl full of water, burned joss-sticks and recited dhârâṇi, whereupon the water in the bowl produced a green lotus-flower which was dazzling in its brightness like the sun. At sight of this miracle Shek Lak became a convert to Buddhism. Dhârâṇi 咒 are mystic forms of prayer often couched in Sanskrit, forming a portion of the Sûtra literature (VII. 5, notes) in China as early as the third century, but made popular chiefly through the Yogâcârya School (see Eitel, *Handbook of Chinese Buddhism*).

Song XI (4). Line 1. 梧桐 the *Dryandra cordifolia*: cf. 詩經 Part I, Book iv, Ode vi:—

作于楚室　樹之榛栗
椅桐梓漆　爰伐琴瑟

'He built the mansion at Chhoa. He planted about it hazel and chestnut-trees, the *E*, the *Thung*, the *Tsz*, and the varnish-trees, which, when cut down, might afford materials for lutes' (Legge, vol. iv, pp. 81–2).

7, 8. The reference is to the story told of Tshoi Yung 蔡邕 (Mayers, No. 755; Giles, No. 1986), who lived 133–192 A.D., and possessed extraordinary skill as a musician. While a refugee in the State of Ng 吳, he was seated one day by the fireside, when his attention was attracted to the sound emitted by a fragment of Dryandra wood 桐木, which lay burning on the hearth, and declaring that its tone gave promise of rare excellence, he converted it into the body of a lute. As the handle of this instrument still retained signs of scorching, it gave rise to the name of 焦尾琴, or the Lute with the scorched Handle. See 後漢書, 蔡邕傳.

16. 'The green fir deep hidden in the river-glen' 澗底蒼松. There is certainly an allusion in these words to the poem of Pák Köü-yí 白居易 entitled 澗底松, of which I offer the following translation:—'There was a fir-tree, one hundred feet in height and ten in girth, that grew bleak and mean down in a river-glen—a glen deep among mountain precipices, where vanished the paths of men. The fir-tree grew old and died, but the craftsmen found it not, albeit the famous halls of the Son of Heaven had need of wooden rafters, the which men sought, and here they might be found: but none knew thereof. Who can fathom Heaven's creative purpose, which, giving the timber worth, gave not a fit site therewith? Even so Kam 金 and Chöng 張 held hereditary office, but Yün Hín 原憲 (Giles, No. 2547) was poor: his cowhide garb was chill and mean, while they went in rich sables and cicada-gauze. But, though sable and cicada-gauze differ in value from cowhide garb, yet high price is no proof of worth, nor a low price proof of blemish. Doth not my lord see how the coral grows submerged in ocean depths, while the white elm flaunts uselessly sky-high?'

Song XI (5). Line 3. 'Your ice-crusted skin and bones of jade' 冰肌玉骨: cf. 成語考, chap. xx, sentence 8 (J. H. S. Lockhart, p. 285):—冰肌玉骨乃梅蘂之清奇 '"Ice-like tissue" and "gem-like fibre" denote the purity and rareness of the plum calyx.' See 羣芳譜, book xxii, leaf 7.

8. 'The topaz-tree,' 碧梧 is known to botanists as the *Sterculia tomentosa*: but there is probably a reference to the 碧樹 and 瑤樹, i. e. chrysoprase and

jade-trees stated by Wai Nám-tsz 淮南子 (Mayers, No. 210; Giles, No. 1269) to grow on the north of the Kwan-lun 崑崙 mountain (Mayers, No. 330).

11. 'Leave the green hill unaltered': cf. the lines:—

青山綠水年年在 野草殘花滿地開

'The green mountain and the blue water year after year remain the same: but the whole earth blossoms with wild grass and dying flowers.'

12. 'The Isles of the Blest' 蓬萊 (Mayers, No. 559). In the time of the Tshun dynasty (255–209 B.C.) it was believed that three Isles of the Blest 三仙山, called respectively 方丈 (Mayers, No. 132), 蓬萊 and 瀛洲 (Mayers, No. 925) were to be found in the Eastern Sea, opposite the coast of China. Their existence was announced by Tshöü Shí 徐市 (Mayers, No. 647; Giles, No. 788), a professor of magic arts in the State of Tshai 齊, the modern Shántung 山東, to Chhí Wong Tai 始皇帝, in 219 B.C., when that monarch was engaged in visiting the provinces of his newly founded empire. Tshöü Shí begged permission to visit these islands, and was placed by the emperor at the head of a large troop of young men and maidens who undertook the voyage. But the expedition, although it steered within sight of the magic isles, was driven back by contrary winds. These islands are all inhabited by genii whose lustrous forms are nourished upon the gems which lie scattered upon their shores, or with the fountain of life which flows perennially for their enjoyment. The island is also called 防丘 and 雲來. It is conjectured that this legend has some reference to attempts at colonizing the Japanese islands.

Song XII (1). Line 7. For Sîû Tsheng 小青, see xi. 1. 7, notes.

Song XII (2). Line 4. Chöng-thoi 章臺: cf. xxxv. 2. 5 (Mayers, No. 36; Giles, No. 110), a district in the city of Chhöng-oan (Pref. vi, notes), where was born the lady Lau of Chöng-thoi 章臺柳 of whom a romantic history was narrated under the Thong 唐 dynasty. She is said to have been bestowed in marriage upon a poor but gifted scholar, named Hoan Wang 韓翃 (Giles, No. 619), by his wealthy patron, whose concubine she was. Having become separated from her husband during the troublous period of 756 A.D., she took refuge in a nunnery. During her seclusion she received a missive from her husband, who wrote with reference to the signification of her name:—

章臺柳 章臺柳 昔日青青今在否
縱使長條似舊垂 也應攀折他人手

'Willow-Lady of Chöng-thoi, have you still kept green the love of former days? Though your long leaves droop as of yore, yet long e'er this has the hand of

another man pulled and snapped your branches.' To this 章臺柳 replied in a similar strain, and eventually, after having been forcibly taken to wife by a Tartar chieftain, she was restored by imperial order to her lawful spouse.

12. 'Entombed in a field of flowers': cf. XI. 1. 19, notes.

SONG XII (3). LINE 6. Ngok Luk-wá 蓼綠華: her story is told in the Taoist book 眞誥 where she is said to have been a lovely nymph, twenty years old, who inhabited 南山. In the eleventh month of the third year of the reign of the Emperor Muk Tai 穆帝 (359 A. D.), she came from heaven to earth and visited the family of one Yöng Khün 羊權, whom she taught to make magic medicines. Then she suddenly disappeared, but was afterwards incarnate in the ninth century A. D. as a courtesan in Sô-chau 蘇州 where she was loved by the poet Leï Shöng-yan 李商隱 (Mayers, No. 364; Giles, No. 1188), who wrote of her:—

聞道閶門蓼綠華　昔年相望抵天涯
豈知一夜秦樓客　偷看吳王苑內花

'When last year I heard tell of Ngok Luk-wá who dwells at Chhöng-mún, my desire to see her was such that I would have gone to the verge of heaven. Could I know that for one night I should be inmate of your abode, and that I should steal a glimpse of the flower of Ng Wong's park?' (cf. Pref. III, notes). In the end Leï Shöng-yan jilted his mistress.

12. 'The raft which at autumn-tides moors in the moon' (Mayers, No. 311). The 博物志 has a legend to the effect that when Chöng Hín 張騫 (Mayers, No. 18; Giles, No. 29), who lived in the second century B.C., was sent to discover the sources of the Yellow River 黃河, then believed to be the continuation on earth of the Milky Way 天河, he sailed up the stream on a raft for many days until in the autumn he reached a city where he saw a woman spinning and a young man leading an ox to the water to drink. Chöng Hín asked what place this was, and in reply the woman gave him her shuttle, telling him to show it when he returned to his own country to the star-gazer Yím Kwan-pheng 嚴君平 who would know where it had been. Accordingly, when the shuttle was shown to Kwan-pheng, the wise man referred to his calculations, and found that the day and hour when Chöng Hín had received the shuttle corresponded with the moment when he had observed a wandering star intrude itself between the position of the Spinning Damsel 織女 (α Lyrae) and the Cowherd 牽牛 (βγ Aquilae). It was therefore inferred that the voyager had actually sailed upon the Milky Way.

Chinese scholars assure me that the reference is to this legend: but I confess that I cannot explain why the Moon should have been confused with the Spinning Damsel and the Cowherd. See XVIII. 10, notes.

SONG XII (4). LINE 3. 'After your green garb was wet.' Pák Köü-yí 白居易 (see Pref. x, notes) in his poem the 琵琶行 tells how, when banished to Kong-chau 江州 and degraded to the rank of Magistrate 司馬, he sailed one night accompanied by a friend down the Tsham-yöng River 潯陽江. On shipboard they drank wine together and endeavoured to make light of misfortune, when suddenly they heard the sound of a guitar and went in search of the music. They found that the sound came from a junk where a courtesan was singing and accompanying herself on the guitar 琵琶. They therefore begged her to join them and at last she did so. Pák Köü-yí, recognizing that she was an excellent musician, invited her to play them a tune. The girl then sang of her life, telling that she came from Peking where she had been renowned for her music, but that, when she grew old and found herself no longer in demand, she had been obliged to travel south with a tea-merchant and leave her life of gaiety. Pák Köü-yí remembering his own fall from high official rank, wept as he heard the girl's song; and his poem concludes with the lines:—

就中泣下誰最多 江州司馬青衫濕

'Who among us wept most bitterly? The green garb of Kong-chau's magistrate was wet.'

4. Ním Nô the Beautiful 念奴嬌: (1) In the reign of Thong Yün Tsung 唐玄宗 (713–756 A.D.) lived a famous courtesan called Ním Nô 念奴 whose voice was exceedingly beautiful. At that time there was a custom that the emperor once in every year should enter the house over the city-gate of his capital and join in the merriment of his people. On one occasion, however, the hubbub was so great that the emperor himself could not hear the music made for his enjoyment. He therefore bade his eunuch Kô Lek-sz 高力士 (Mayers, No. 240; Giles, No. 956) shout to the people, saying that the emperor wished to invite Ním Nô to sing before them, whereupon the hubbub immediately subsided into the silence of eager expectation. (2) The name 念奴嬌詞 'Ode to the Beautiful Ním Nô,' is also given to a kind of song: cf. the 白石集 by Köng Khwai 姜夔:—湘月卽念奴嬌之隔指聲也. 'The songs Söng Yüt and Ním Nô Kîû are as close in sound as one finger to another.'

7. 'The moon sinks, the crow caws': cf. 陸放翁詩:—

月落烏啼霜滿天 江楓漁火對愁眠
姑蘇城外寒山寺 夜半鐘聲到客船

'The moon sinks, the crow caws, frost fills the sky. Maple-trees by the river-side and fishermen's lanterns gaze upon the sad sleeper. From the Hoan-shán Temple, without the City of Kú Sô, when midnight comes, the sound of the bell reaches the traveller's boat.'

Song XII (5). Line 3. 'The lotus river' 芙蓉江: cf. 爾雅疏:—江東人呼荷花爲芙蓉 'The people north of the Yangtsze call the lotus-flower *fû-yung*.' 芙蓉江 means 'the river where the lotus flowers,' i.e. where courtesans reside: the whole line may therefore be paraphrased 'Now no one visits the Flower Boats.'

4. 'On whom can I rely to paint my eyebrows with aniline?' See 漢書, 張敞傳:—敞爲婦畫眉, 長安中傳張京兆眉憹, 有司以奏, 上問之, 對曰, 臣聞閨房之內夫婦之私有過於畫眉者, 上愛其能, 弗責也. 'Chhong painted his wife's eyebrows. The report spread in Chhöng-oan that Chöng, the governor, doted on eyebrows. The officials memorialized the emperor on the matter. The emperor questioned him. He replied: "Your servant has heard that of the private dealings between man and wife within the seraglio many are worse than the painting of eyebrows." The emperor was pleased at the skill of his reply and did not punish him.' Chöng Chhong 張敞 (Mayers, No. 7; Giles, No. 21) was celebrated as an official under the Emperor Hoan Sün Tai 漢宣帝 (73–48 B.C.) for his skill in suppressing disorders and the brigandage then prevalent.

7. 'Rain veils the Mô Shán' (Mayers, No. 873). The name of the range of mountains which forms the famous Witches' Gorge 巫山峽, through which the Yangtsze has cleft its way from Szechuan 四川 into Hupeh 湖比. This superb work of nature is widely famed among the wonders of Chinese scenery and mystic legend. Sung Yuk 宋玉 (Mayers, No. 642; Giles, No. 1841), a poet of the fourth century B.C., made this the home of a supernatural being, the Fairy of the Witches' Mountain, 巫山仙女, who has occupied in all subsequent ages a prominent position in poetry and romantic allusion. It is related that when visiting the Tower of Cloud-Dreams 雲夢臺 in company with prince Söng 襄王 of the State of Chhoa 楚國, Sung Yuk was asked by the prince to explain the meaning of some clouds of marvellous shape, which he noticed drifting in constantly changing forms across the sky. The poet replied that what he saw were the clouds of morning 朝雲, and added that in olden times a Prince Wai 懷王 who had visited the mountain of Kô-thong 高唐 fell asleep from fatigue, whereupon a beauteous damsel visited him in his dreams and sang: 'I am the lady of the Witches' Mountain, a wayfarer of Kô-thong. Hearing that you, my lord, have visited this spot, I fain would spread for you the mat and pillow.' The prince shared his couch with the heavenly nymph, who, as she afterwards bade farewell to her royal lover, disappeared singing:—

巫山之陽　高丘之岨　旦爲朝雲
暮爲行雨　朝朝暮暮　陽臺之下

'My home is on the sunlit side of the Witches' Mountain, and I dwell on the peaks of Kô-thong. At dawn I marshal the morning clouds, and at night I summon the rain, every morning and every night at the Bright Tower's foot.' When the prince awoke the lady of the mountain had vanished, and no substance remained of his dream of love. From this legend the phrase 雲雨 (see LI. 3) has acquired the signification of sexual intercourse.

SONG XII (6). LINE 3. 'My three souls' 三魂 appears to me to be a mistake, for I know of no such subdivision in statistical Buddhism. The author has probably confused (1) the trikâya 三身 or threefold embodiment, viz. essential, practical and reflex, with (2) the trividyâ 三明 or three conceptions, viz. of impermanence, misery and the unreality of existence.

5, 6. These two lines are imitated from the 詩經 part i, bk. xi, ode iv (Legge, p. 195):—

蒹葭蒼蒼 白露爲霜 所謂伊人 在水一方
遡洄從之 道阻且長 遡游從之 宛在水中央

'The reeds and rushes are deeply green, and the white dew is turned into hoar-frost. The man about whom I think is somewhere upon the water. I go up the stream in quest of him, but the way is long and difficult. I go down the stream in quest of him, and lo! he is right in the midst of the water.'

8. 'A brace of teal' 鴛鴦 (Mayers, No. 969), the male and female respectively of the *Anas galericulata*, commonly called by Europeans the 'mandarin duck.' These beautiful waterfowl manifest, when paired, a singular degree of attachment to each other, and they have therefore been elevated by the Chinese into an emblem of connubial affection and fidelity.

SONG XIV. LINE 11. 'Why, O Moon, wilt thou do me no kindness?' (Mayers, No. 957). The old man in the moon 月老 is popularly said to tie together with an invisible cord the feet of those who are predestined to a betrothal, and the Chinese belief in the existence of an invisible link, typified by the red cord, between bride and bridegroom, is expressed in the saying:—

偶自天成 緣從月儉

'Matches are made in Heaven, and the bond of fate is foredoomed from the moon.' The earliest embodiment of this belief is probably contained in the romance of Wai Kú 韋固 (Mayers, No. 838; Giles, No. 2282), who lived in the Thong 唐 dynasty. Passing one day through the town of Sung Sheng 宋城 he saw an old man sitting by moonlight engaged in turning over the leaves of a book, who, in reply to his inquiry, told him that this volume contained the matrimonial destinies of all mankind. Taking from his wallet a red cord 赤繩, the old man said: 'With this cord I tie together the feet of husband and wife. Though born in hostile households or widely sundered countries, their fate is inevitably

fulfilled at last. Your wife, I will tell you, is the daughter of an old woman, who sells vegetables in yonder shop.' Having heard this, Wai Kú went next day to look about him and saw the woman carrying in her arms an ugly child of two years old. He secretly lured an assassin to murder the infant, and this man dealt a blow at it, but missed his aim and only left a scar on the eyebrow. Fourteen years later Wai Kû became the husband of a beautiful girl, whom after marriage he observed wearing a patch upon her eyebrow, and on making inquiries, he found that she was the identical person whose union with him had been foretold. The old man of this story is identified with the 月老, and his name is said to have been Kít Lún 結璘 (Mayers, No. 260; Giles, No. 355).

Song XVI. Line 1. 'Ye geese of the Rivers Sîû and Söng': cf. VI. 4, notes. The River Söng 湘江 in Hunan 湖南 flows into the Tung-ting Lake 洞庭湖: cf. LVI. 3. 6, notes. The River Sîû 瀟江 is a tributary of the River Söng.

2. Hang-yöng 衡陽: cf. XXVIII. 17. A prefectural town in Hunan. Compare the lines of Yü Sun 庾信 (Giles, No. 2520):—

近學衡陽雁　秋風俱渡河

'Lately I have imitated the geese of Hang-yöng, who all have crossed the river': cf. also the lines of 柯九思:—

記得衡陽書信杳　秋深無雁帶書來

'I bethink me that no letters come from Hang-yöng: in deep autumn no carrier-goose brings letters.' And:—

想必衡陽音信晚　秋深無雁帶書還

'Meseems that news from Hang-yöng loiters: though 'tis deep autumn no carrier-goose brings me a letter in reply.' The geese fly north in the spring-time: but return southwards in the autumn.

4. 'The fifth watch' 五更, i. e. daybreak: cf. the popular precept:—

三更燈火五更鷄

'Burn midnight oil in the third watch, and wake with cock-crow in the fifth.'

6. 'Till the Hop-phô River again yields pearls,' i. e. the Greek Calends. It is related that when Máng Shöng 孟嘗 (Mayers, No. 490; Giles, No. 1513), celebrated for his probity as magistrate during the reign of Hoan Shun Tai 漢順帝 (126–145 A.D.), was appointed governor of Hop-phô 合浦 a region bordering on the Tongking Gulf, he found the people suffering under the exactions of his predecessor, and afflicted by the disappearance of the pearl-mussel from the beds in which they had been accustomed to carry on a valuable fishery. No sooner, however, had Máng Shöng commenced his virtuous rule, than, as if by a special manifestation of divine favour, the mussel-beds again became filled. Cf. 成語考,

chap. xxiv, sentence 26:—孟嘗廉潔克俾合浦還珠. 'Máng Shöng was so upright and pure as to cause the pearls to return to Hop-phô' (J. H. S. Lockhart, p. 282).

Song XVII. Line 1. 'Concord-grass' 同心草: cf. the lines of the 江總 quoted in the notes on viii. 9.

Song XVIII. Line 7. 'A sham willow' 假柳 is Cantonese slang for 'a useless fellow,' 'a sham.'

8. 'Torn apart as the peacock from his mate,' 拆散鸞儔. The male peacock is called 鸞 and the female 凰: both are assistants of the phoenix 鳳 (Mayers, No. 134). They are regarded as birds of good omen, whence the phrase 鸞鳳和鳴 'peacock and phoenix sing in unison' has become a metaphor of happy marriage. Similarly 鸞儔 'peacock-union' means 'bridal.'

10. 'Why, when I have crossed the Silver River, do you withdraw the Crows' Bridge?' cf. xii. 3. 12, notes (Mayers, No. 311). Compare two passages from the 白帖:—(1)天河謂銀漢亦曰銀河 'The Heaven River (Milky Way) is called Silver Stream and is also spoken of as Silver River': (2) 烏鵲填河成橋而渡織女. 'Crows bridge the Milky Way across to the Spinning Damsel's star.' In the 續齊諧記 the story is told of a spirit from Kwai-yöng 桂陽 named Sheng Mô-teng 成武丁 who told his younger brother that on the seventh day of the seventh moon 七夕 the Spinning Damsel 織女 must cross the Milky Way. His brother asked, 'Why?' Mo-teng replied, that she goes for a short time to visit the cowherd 牽牛; therefore mortals say she has wedded him. From this obscure passage has arisen a host of poetical allusions, the most famous being a stanza by the Emperor Ngai Man Tai 魏文帝 (220–239 A.D.):—

牽牛織女遙相望

'The Cowherd and the Spinning Damsel gaze at each other from afar.' The two stars have thus become an emblem of lovers in separation.

Song XX. Line 5. Wong Fûï 王魁 (see 情天寶鑑, book xvi, section entitled 王魁) was a scholar who, failing to pass his examination at Peking, was persuaded by a friend to visit the town 北市, where in the 深巷 street he made the acquaintance of a courtesan named 殷桂英, with whom he fell in love. Next year, as the result of an imperial decree, Wong Fûï returned to Peking to offer his services to the government. Kwai-ying accompanied him part of the way to a temple of the sea-god 海神廟 where her lover swore her an

oath of eternal fidelity. So they parted, but wrote each other letters in verse, until one day Wong Fûï passed as First Academician 狀元. Thereupon Kwai-ying wrote to congratulate her lover, but he did not reply. Soon after Wong Fûï was made magistrate of 徐州 and was betrothed by his father to a girl of the 崔 family. This time Kwai-ying sent her lover a message by special messenger: but Wong Fûï drove the man from him. On hearing this, Kwai-ying cut her throat; and, after death, so haunted Wong Fûï that he was driven to commit suicide.

Song XXII. Line 5. 'The jaded nag at the road-stage.' For 長亭, compare 白帖:—十里一長亭, 五里一短亭. 'Ten *li* go to a long stage: five *li* to a short stage.' Cf. also the lines of 王褒:—

河橋望行旅　長亭送故人

'From the river-bridge we watch travellers pass to and fro: at the long stage we speed our departing friend.'

Song XXIII. Line 6. 'The twin carp' 雙魚 (Mayers, No. 932): cf. the phrase 魚雁往來 'passing to and fro like fish and geese,' a metaphor for epistolary correspondence. Reference is here made to various legends relating that missives have been found in the bellies of fish (see VI. 4, notes). Fish are also reputed to swim in pairs and therefore serve as an emblem of marriage. Cf. 耶律楚材:—强吟新句附雙魚 'I forced myself to hum a new song and sent it to you by the twin carp.' See also LVIII. 10, notes.

Song XXIV. Line 5. 'The old man in the moon' 月老: see XIV. 11, notes.

12. 'The graceful maiden in the moon' 月裡嬋娟: the reference is presumably to Shöng Ngoa 嫦娥 (Mayers, No. 94), wife of Hau Ngai 后羿 (Mayers, No. 178; Giles, No. 667), who is fabled to have stolen from her husband the drug of immortality 無死之藥, which had been given him by Sai Wong Mô 西王母 (Mayers, No. 572), and to have fled with her precious booty for refuge to the moon, where she became changed into the frog 蟾蜍 whose outline is traced by the Chinese on the moon's surface (Mayers, No. 957).

Song XXV. Lines 9, 12, 15. Pô-yuk 寶玉 and Lam Toi-yuk 林黛玉 are the hero and heroine respectively of the 'Dream of the Red Chamber' 紅樓夢: see III. 13, notes. Pô-yuk and Toi-yuk were deeply in love with each other, but their love was crossed by their parents who by a trick married Pô-yuk to Pô-chhai 寶釵, the latter impersonating Toi-yuk. Meanwhile the real Toi-yuk was dying of love and anguish at the supposed treachery of Pô-yuk, who in his turn, on discovering the fraud which had been practised upon him

and learning the death of Toi-yuk, fell into a death-trance. Immediately upon the disunion of body and soul, the spirit of Pô-yuk set off on its journey to the Infinite, led by a Buddhist priest. At last he was taken to see Toi-yuk. A bamboo screen which hung before the entrance to a room was raised, and there before him stood his lost Toi-yuk. Stretching forth his hands, he was about to speak to her, when suddenly the screen was dropped. The priest thrust him backwards and he fell, awaking as though from a dream (Giles, *Chinese Literature*, pp. 355–84).

Song XXVI. Line 7. Man-kwan 文君 (Mayers, No. 852), second century B.C., was the daughter of a wealthy man named Chhök Wong-sün 卓王孫. When Sz-má Söng-yü 司馬相如 (Mayers, No. 658; Giles, No. 1753) was compelled by ill-health to resign his post in the establishment of Prince Háu 孝 of Löng 梁, and was left almost penniless by the death of that prince, which occurred about the same time, he wandered towards his home at Sheng-tô 成都 in Szechuan 四川 through the city of Lam-khung 臨邛, where he was hospitably received by the magistrate Wong Kat 王吉 and introduced to Chhök Wong-sün. The latter entertained him at a banquet and, when wine had circulated freely, Sz-má began to sing and so fascinated his host's daughter, whose husband had recently died, that she left her father's house that very night and threw herself upon Sz-má's protection. The pair fled to Sheng-tô; but having nothing to live upon they returned to 臨邛 and set up a small wineshop, in which Man-kwan served customers, while Sz-má dressed in the short drawers of a coolie and washed cups. His father-in-law, unable to bear the shame of this, gave them a large sum of money, with which they went back again to Sheng-tô and lived in affluence.

8. Pân Kê 班姬 (Mayers, No. 538; Giles, No. 1599), first century B.C., for a long time the chief imperial favourite among the ladies of the seraglio of Hoan Sheng Tai 漢成帝 (32–6 B.C.), who conferred upon her the title of 婕妤 on account of her literary ability. Being ultimately supplanted in the affections of the emperor by the more famous Chîû Fê-yín (VIII. 9, notes), she forwarded to the emperor a fan inscribed with a lament that she herself had been cast aside like a fan in autumn:—

新裂齊紈素　皎潔如霜雪
裁爲合歡扇　團團似明月
出入君懷袖　動搖微風發
常恐秋節至　涼風奪炎熱
棄捐篋笥中　恩情中道絕

'Freshly I have cut out the silk of Shántung, white and pure as hail and snow.

I trim the edge of the two-sided fan round as is the bright moon. Its place of entrance and exit is my lord's sleeve: when waved to and fro, it makes a gentle breeze. But ever it fears the coming of the autumn solstice: for the cool wind disperses the fierce heat. Then you toss it aside into the box: your love ceases in mid-road.' Pân Kê then retired into a separate palace, in close attendance on the Empress Höü 許后 whose downfall she shared. The phrase 秋扇 'autumn fan' has passed into the Chinese language as the metaphor for a deserted wife.

10. 'The mid-decade of the eighth month' 八月中旬, i. e. mid-autumn: see Pref. II, notes.

Song XXVIII. Line 2. 'The third watch' 三更, i. e. midnight.

3. 'The nomad goose': cf. 杜甫詩:—

東征萬里客　亂去幾年歸
腸斷江城鴈　高高正北飛

'The guest-gallant, who hastens ten thousand miles eastwards, journeys at random. How many years will it be before he returns? The carrier-goose of the River City who breaks so many hearts with disappointment, flies high aloft straight northwards.'

17. Hang-yöng 衡陽: cf. XVI. 2, notes.

Song XXXI (1). Line 9. See XI. 2. 14, notes.

21. 'Fairyland' 瑤池 (Mayers, No. 903): see Pref. X, notes.

Song XXXII. Line 5. 'The land of fragrance' 香國 is said to be a contraction for 天香國色, and to be a synonym for a peony. See 成語考, chap. XX, sentence 7 (J. H. S. Lockhart, p. 285):—國色天香乃牡丹之富貴. '"The beauty of a nation" and "heavenly fragrance" denote the richness and distinction of the peony.' Cf. a poem by 元好問 called 紫牡丹詩 'Scarlet Peony Song':—

已從香國偏薰染　更借花神巧剪裁

'First from the land of fragrance comes the perfume and the colour: then further the flower-spirit cunningly cuts them (sc. the peonies) out.' See also a poem by 陳正封 called 牡丹詩 'The Song of the Peony':—

國色朝酣酒　天香夜染衣

'The queen of beauty in the morning is flushed with wine: the fragrant peony in the evening dyes her dress.' 國色 (Mayers, No. 342) refers to Leï Fú-yan 李夫人 (Giles, No. 1125), second century B.C., a favourite concubine of the Emperor Hoan Mô Tai 漢武帝 and sister of Leï Yín-nín 李延年 (Mayers,

No. 377 ; Giles, No. 1231), who described her in verse as being so lovely that 'one glance of hers would destroy a city, two a State' 傾國傾城 (Mayers, No. 314). Hence the phrase 國色 became a synonym for female loveliness.

8. 'Youthfulness' 韶華: cf. the 寫眞詩 of 白居易:—

勿歎韶華子 俄成皤叟仙

'Do not sigh for the youthful lads: soon they will be hoary as ancient genii.'

Song XXXIII. Line 9. 'The mirror's orb is always perfect': the reference is to the story of the Princess of Lok-chhöng 樂昌公主 (Mayers, No. 423 a; Giles, No. 1383), daughter of the last emperor of the Chhan 陳 dynasty, 587 A.D. She was married to Tshöü Tak-yín 徐德言, and, being separated from him in the disorder that ensued upon the downfall of the dynasty, she broke a mirror in two and gave her husband half, keeping the other portion herself, with the engagement that on a certain future day she would expose it for sale in the capital, as a clue to her whereabouts. The lady was compelled to enter the seraglio of Yöng Sô 楊素 (Mayers, No. 895; Giles, No. 2408), but contrived to have her token conveyed to the public market, where, on the appointed day, her husband recognized it, compared it with his own, and thus traced his wife to the palace of Yöng Sô, who, on hearing the story, caused the husband and wife to be re-united.

11. 'The cassia-tree loves ever the splendour of the moon': cf. v. 9, notes. See the poem 杜秋娘詩 by 杜牧:—

月上白璧門 桂影凉參差

'In the moon is a white jade gate, where wavers the cool shadow of the cassia-tree.' Compare also the 西陽雜俎, a work of the Thong 唐 dynasty, where it is said that Ng Kong 吳剛 (Mayers, No. 864; Giles, No. 2337), a magician, was banished to the moon on account of an offence against the supernal powers, and condemned to the labour of hewing down the cassia-tree which grows there, an impossible task, for as fast as he dealt his axe-blows, the trunk of the tree closed again after the incision.

Song XXXIV. Line 5. 'One score and four solar terms' 二十四番 (Mayers, Pt. II, No. 312). The Chinese year is divided into twenty-four periods, corresponding to the day on which the sun enters the first and fifteenth degree of one of the zodiacal signs. To each of these periods an appropriate name is given, viz. 立春, 雨水, &c.

7. 'The ninth heaven' 九霄: cf. Pref. v, notes.

13. 'The lovely maiden in the moon': cf. xxiv. 12, notes.

14. 'The mansion of Kwong Hon Kung' 廣寒宮: cf. 天寶遺事:—

明皇遊月宮見牓曰廣寒清虛之府. 'Meng Wong

roaming in the moon, came to a moon-palace and saw an inscription over the door saying, "Domain, vast, cold, pure, unsubstantial."' 明皇 is the Emperor Thong Yün Tsung 唐玄宗 (713–756 A. D.), who is said to have visited the palace in the moon on the fifteenth day of the eighth moon accompanied by Loa Kung-yün 羅公遠 (Giles, No. 1389), who threw his staff into the air where it became a dazzling bridge over which the travellers passed in safety. See 成語考 chap. iii, sentence 25:—中秋月朗明皇親遊於月殿. 'In mid-autumn, when the moon was bright, the Emperor Meng wandered in person in the palace of the moon' (J. H. S. Lockhart, p. 40).

Song XXXV (1). Line 8. Cf. 杜甫詩:—

荷盡已無擎雨蓋　菊殘猶有傲霜枝
一年好景君須記　正是橙黃橘綠時

'The withered lotus no longer holds up its goblet for the rain: the bruised chrysanthemum has but a few stalks which defy the frost. My lord, you must remember that in one year's space the good season is only the time when the oranges are yellow and the citrons green.'

Song XXXV (2). Lines 5, 6. 'The Chöng-thoi Willow' 章臺柳: see XII. 2. 4, notes. Compare also the 三輔故事:—漢苑中柳狀如人形曰人柳一日三眠三起. 'In the Imperial Gardens of the Hoan dynasty was a species of willow-tree which in appearance was like a man: it was, therefore, called 'the man-willow.' Every day this tree rested thrice upon the ground, and thrice rose again.' This magic willow and the Willow Lady of Chöng-thoi appear to be confused in the text.

9. 'Buy up the green spring' 買青春: cf. XI. 3. 3.

Song XXXV (3). Line 10. Cf. 崔護:—

去年今日此門中　人面桃花相映紅
人面不知何處去　桃花依舊笑春風

'This day last year at yonder gate, a girlish face and the peach-blossom reflected each other's crimson. The girlish face is gone, I know not whither: but the peach-blossom as of yore laughs to the spring-wind.'

Song XXXV (4). Line 2. 木蘭 'the wood of the epidendrum': used to make oars, cf. the 元氏掖庭記, which tells that an emperor of the Yün 元 dynasty made a boat for the purpose of collecting water-caltrops 菱角: the awning was made of reeled silk of five colours: the oars were of maple wood 木蘭, and the women of his harem were the crew. So they made merry and

collected caltrops. Cf. also the line:—蘭橈棹破夕陽紅. 'Maple oars lash the sea red with the setting sun.' But the word is full of allusions to the Chinese ear, for (1) in the 穀阜 at Canton there is a 'flower-boat' called 木蘭舟; (2) 木蘭 is the name of a heroine (Mayers, No. 509; Giles, No. 1555), fifth century A. D., of whom it is related that, when her sick father was summoned to his post as a soldier on the frontier, she dressed herself up in his clothes and served in his place for twelve years without betraying the secret of her sex.

11. 'The windings of the River Sŏng': see LVI. 3. 6, notes. 'The shadow of your sail': see XXXV. 5. 2, notes.

SONG XXXV (5). LINE 2. 'The spring sail,' 春帆 possibly contains a reference to Kê Wan 紀昀, *alias* Kê Chhun-fán 紀春帆 (Giles, No. 301), A. D. 1724–1805, a native of the 獻 district in Chihli 直隸, who was appointed sub-chancellor in the Hanlin College 翰林院, but was banished to Urumtsi for the offence of revealing certain matters connected with an official inquiry.

3. 'Branches that are intertwined'; 連理, see LIV. 1, notes.

8. See Pref. VIII, notes.

9. See XXII. 5, notes.

11. See XXVI. 8, notes.

SONG XXXV (6). LINE 2. 'The Pearl maid' 珠娘 certainly contains a reference to the Pearl River 珠江: see Pref. II, notes; but compare also 述異記:—越俗以珠爲上寶生女謂珠娘生男謂之珠兒. 'The Cantonese custom was to consider pearls as the most precious thing. If a man begat a daughter, she was called a pearl maiden; if a son, he was called a pearl boy.'

SONG XXXVI. LINE 6. 'Mid-autumn' 中秋, i. e. the fifteenth day of the eighth moon: cf. XXVI. 10.

11. 'The stars of the Cowherd and the Spinning Damsel': see XVIII. 10, notes.

SONG XXXVII. LINE 10. Cf. 王介甫:—

名花一簇開無主 爲愛深紅與淺紅

'A cluster of famous flowers is masterless, because some love the deep red more than the faint red.'

12. 'Truants such as Wong Fûi': see XX. 5, notes.

SONG XXXVIII. LINE 1. 'A butterfly dream': cf. 莊子:—昔者莊周夢爲蝴蝶, 栩栩然蝴蝶也, 自喻適志與不知周也, 俄而覺則蘧蘧然周也, 不知周之夢爲蝴

蝶與，蝴蝶之夢爲周與，周與蝴蝶則必有分矣，此之謂物化. 'Of old Chong Chau (Mayers, No. 92; Giles, No. 509) dreamed that he was a butterfly, and merry was he being a butterfly; he seemed himself to be well satisfied for he did not know himself as Chau. Anon he awoke, and gloomy was he being Chau. Yet he knew not whether Chau had dreamed himself a butterfly, or whether a butterfly had dreamed itself Chau: but assuredly there is a difference between Chau and a butterfly. This is what is called metempsychosis.' 莊周, better known as 莊子, lived in the fourth century B.C., and was a philosopher of the Taoist School. He is speaking of his own experience in the passage above quoted.

SONG XLIII. LINE 6. 'The seventh night of the seventh moon' 七夕: cf. XVIII. 10, notes.

11. 'The Seven Sisters' 七姐: also known as 七姊妹, i.e. the Pleiades.

SONG XLIV. LINE 13. The man is married; and the girl is subject to the mistress of the brothel, whose interest it is to prevent courtesans in her house from leaving to settle down to a life of Chinese propriety as concubines of their lovers.

SONG XLVII. LINE 8. 'The Lord of Hell' 陰司: see I. 1. 6, notes. In Buddhist mythology, Yama 閻羅 is regent of the Nârakas 泥黎 (Niraya), explained by 地獄, i. e. prison under the earth, where he is assisted in dealing with culprits by eighteen judges and an army of 80,000 jailors and executioners. See Eitel, *Handbook of Chinese Buddhism*.

11. 'Tshau Heï' 秋喜 means 'autumn-joy.'

23. 'The Tsheng-meng festival': cf. 成語考, chap. iii, sentence 13:— 冬至百六是清明. 'The 106th day after the winter solstice is the Tsheng-meng festival,' i. e. the festival of tombs.

26. 'Thsz Wan,' i. e. he whose mercy is as the clouds: see Pref. VIII, notes. 偈 or 伽陀 is the Chinese transliteration of the Skt. gâthâ, and is explained by 調頌 'hymns and chants.' They are metrical narratives or hymns with a moral purpose. See Eitel, *Handbook of Chinese Buddhism*.

SONG XLIX. LINE 5. It is a case of like to like.

SONG LI. LINE 3. 'Rain and clouds' 雲雨: cf. XII. 5. 7, notes. See also 全唐詩話:—白居易將過巫山先于神女祠粉壁大書曰

忠州刺史今才子　行到巫山必有詩
爲報高唐神女道　速排雲雨侯清詞

'Pák Köü-yi (Pref. x, notes), when he had almost crossed the Witches' Mountain, first wrote a poem on the whitewashed walls of the Fairy Maiden's Temple, saying:— "The governor of Chung-chau, a genius of to-day, on coming to the Witches' Mountain must needs write a poem. Speak, then, from me to the fairy maiden of Kô-Thong, bidding her quickly open up the rain-clouds and tarry converse with me."'

5. 'The Witches' Mountain' 巫山: see XII. 5. 7.

SONG LII. LINE 11. 'My tears ran blood-red'; cf. 成語考, chap. XIV, sentence 20 (J. H. S. Lockhart, p. 179):— 太眞淚紅於血, 滴時便結紅冰. 'The tears of Thái Chan grew redder than blood; as they fell, they froze in red drops.' 太眞 is a title of Yông Kwai-fê 楊貴妃 (XI. 1. 5, notes).

SONG LIII. LINE 4. 'A witless princeling' 昏君: cf. the more colloquial ɕwan ɕkwan ɕ暈君. It is said that of yore princes preferred their concubines to their wives, and that the latter invented this term of abuse for their husbands. The phrase has passed into the ordinary language in the meaning of *roué*.

SONG LIV. LINE 1. 'The tree of love' 相思樹. See the 列國志 vol. 24, chap. 94:— 一日遊封戈之墟, 遇見採桑婦甚美, 築青陵之臺以望之, 訪其家, 乃舍人韓馮之妻息氏也. 王使人喻馮以意, 使獻其妻, 馮與妻言之, 息氏作詩以對曰.

南山有鳥 北山張羅 鳥自高飛 羅當奈何

宋王慕息氏不已, 使人卽其家奪之, 韓馮見息氏升車而去, 心中不忍, 遂自殺. 宋王召息氏共登青陵之臺, 謂之曰, 我宋王也, 能富貴人, 亦能生殺人, 況汝夫已死, 汝何所歸, 若從寡人, 當立爲王后. 息氏復作詩對曰.

鳥有雌雄 不遂鳳凰 妾是庶人 不樂宋王

宋王曰, 卿今已至此, 雖欲不從寡人不可得也. 息氏曰, 容妾沐浴更衣, 拜辭故夫之魂, 然後侍大王巾櫛耳. 宋王許之. 息氏沐浴更衣訖, 望空再拜, 遂從臺上自投於地. 宋王急使人速攬其衣不及, 視之氣已絕矣. 簡其身畔, 於裙帶得書一幅, 書云, 死後乞賜遺骨與韓馮合葬

於一塚，黃泉感德，宋王大怒，故爲二塚，隔絕埋之，使其東西相望而不能相親，埋後三日，宋王還國，忽一夜有交梓木生於二塚之傍，旬日間，木長三丈許，其枝自相附結成連理，有鴛鴦一對飛集於枝上，交頸悲鳴，里人哀之曰，此韓馮夫婦之魂所化也，遂名其樹曰相思樹. 'One day, as he walked in the Fung-fû Market [in the Honan province], he saw a very beautiful woman, plucking mulberry-leaves. He built the Tsheng-leng Tower from which to watch her. Inquiry as to home showed her that she was born of the Sik family and the wife of Hoan Phang, an official (Mayers, No. 154; Giles, No. 622). The prince bade a man tell Phang his purpose, ordering him to surrender his wife. Phang spoke of the matter to his wife, and asked her whether she were willing or no. Dame Sik replied in verse: "The southern hills have birds: in the northern hills the nets are spread. The bird itself flies aloft. What use is the fowler's net?" Prince Sung's passion for Dame Sik did not abate. He bade men go to her house and abduct her. Hoan Phang saw Dame Sik mount the chariot and depart. His heart could not endure it, so he slew himself. Prince Sung invited Dame Sik to ascend with him the Tsheng-leng Tower. He said to her: "I am Prince Sung, the mighty, wealthy and exalted, having power of life and death over men! Moreover your husband is already dead. Whither, then, can you return? If you follow me, I will make you my Princess." Dame Sik replied to him in another verse: "The fowls of the air mate hen-bird and cock-bird together: they do not follow the phoenix. Your handmaid is one of the common folk, and mislikes Prince Sung." Prince Sung said: "You have to-day come here. Though you may not wish to follow me, you cannot resist." Dame Sik answered: "Permit your handmaid to bathe and change her raiment, and to take leave of her husband's spirit. Thereafter I will wait upon Your Highness with napkin and comb." Prince Sung permitted it. Dame Sik, having bathed and changed her raiment, looked up to heaven and prayed once more. Then she flung herself from the top of the tower to earth. Prince Sung hurriedly bade men catch at her clothes: but they were too late. It was seen that the breath had left her body. On searching her person, they found writing on the ribbons of her skirt. The writing said: "After death I entreat you to permit my bones to be buried in one grave with Hoan Phang. So in the lower world I shall be grateful for your mercy." Prince Sung was very wroth: therefore he made two graves, utterly separate, and so buried them that they might gaze at each other from East and West, yet be unable to unite. Three days after they were buried, Prince Sung returned to his country. Suddenly one night twin trees sprang up beside the two graves. In ten days' time they had grown upwards of thirty feet in height. Their branches, being close together, locked and intertwined (連理). A brace of teal flew and mated on the branches, billing and cooing

piteously. The neighbouring folk, lamenting them, said: "These are the transformed spirits of Hoan Phang and his wife." Therefore they called the tree "the tree of love"' (相思樹). Cf. xxxv. 5. 3.

Song LV. Line 12. 'The Isles of Bliss': 蓬萊: cf. xi. 5. 12, notes. See also 山海經:— 蓬萊山在海中. 'The mountain Phung-loi is in mid-ocean,' on which the commentator writes 上有仙人,宮室皆以金玉爲之,鳥獸盡白,望之如雲在渤海中. 'On it there are fairies. The palaces are all built of gold and jade. The birds and beasts are quite white. It looks like a cloud in the sea of Pe-chi-li.'

Song LVI (2). Line 8. Cf. the line of 孟浩然:—

數聲風笛動離情

'With many sounds the flute of the wind moves men to home-sickness.'

Song LVI (3). Line 6. Cf. a poem of 李太白:—

湘水有九曲 衡山望五峰

'The Söng River has nine windings: the Hang Mountain displays five peaks.' Tradition relates that Ngoa Wong 娥皇 (Mayers, No. 528; Giles, No. 1582) and her sister Nöü Ying 女英 (Mayers, No. 522; Giles, No. 1579), being given in 2288 B.C. by the Emperor Thong Tai Yûî 唐帝堯, their father, in marriage to his successor the virtuous Yü Tai Shun 虞帝舜, accompanied their lord on his journey to the south, during which he died in the land of Tshong-ng 蒼梧. The monarch was buried near the River Söng 湘, and over his grave the sister-queens wept unceasingly. Their tears, falling on the stems of the bamboos around, became transformed into the spots which adorn the variegated species of this plant, known on that account as 湘竹. The two princesses have become deified under the title 湘夫人 (Mayers, No. 576).

Song LVII. Line 6. 'The ford of Mô-leng': see the 桃花源記 of 陶潛. In 376 A.D. a certain fisherman who lived in the district of 武陵 in the province of Yunnan 雲南, while fishing on a mountain stream, suddenly was aware that both sides of the stream were banks of peach-blossom. He walked on to the source of the stream and saw a mountain in which was a small cave-entrance. Accordingly he left his boat and made his way into the cave, which at first was narrow and black, but then suddenly opened on to another world of sky and fields. The clothes of the inhabitants were all old-fashioned, and, on asking the history of the country, he was told that these were the ancestors of mortals now living, and had escaped hither in the time of rebellion under the Tshun 秦

dynasty (255–209 B. C.), none of them leaving the mountain after once they had entered. The fisherman spent a few days here and then returned, marking by signs the road behind him. Reaching his home he told the government of his adventures. But after prolonged search no one was successful in finding again the ford of Mô-leng 武陵津 or the entrance to the mountain.

Song LVIII. Line 4. 'Scroll-work broidery' 廻文: see 晉書, 列女傳. The reference is to Sô Wai 蘇蕙 *alias* Sô Yök-lán 蘇若蘭 (Mayers, No. 619; Giles, No. 1781), the wife of Tau Thô 竇滔, who was governor of Tshun-chau 秦州 at the close of the fourth century A. D. He was banished by Fú Kín 苻堅 (Mayers, No. 141; Giles, No. 579) to the desert of Tartary 流沙, where he enjoyed himself with a concubine named Chîû Yöng-thoi 趙陽臺. Meanwhile his wife, perpetually bewailing his absence, occupied herself in embroidering a poetical lament in an intricate circular scroll-work upon a piece of satin, which she sent to her absent husband. The composition extended to a length of 840 characters, and is celebrated as the original of many subsequent attempts at the poetical palindrome.

10. 'Those twin fish who have but one pair of eyes' 比目雙魚: cf. the 爾雅:—東方有比目魚不比不行其名謂之鰈. 'In the east there are fish with two eyes, who always swim in pairs: their name is called *tîp*.' These fish are a symbol of connubial unity: e. g. a poem of 楊方 called 合歡詩:—

齊彼同心鳥　譬彼比目魚

'Similar to yonder concord birds: like to the pair-eyed fish.'

Song LIX. Line 6. 'Write your name in the Goose Pagoda.' In a Buddhist work called 西域記, the story is told of a Buddhist priest who, seeing two geese fly overhead, exclaimed: 'If only I could catch them, what a feast I should have!' Suddenly one of the two fell to earth and died of its own accord. Several other priests were looking on and decided that the death of the goose was a miracle. They therefore gave the goose a human burial and raised a temple called the 'Goose Pagoda' 鴈塔 over it. See also 明一統志:—雁塔在西安府慈恩寺中, 唐時進士題名於上. 'The Goose Pagoda is situated in the Thsz Yan Temple at Si-ngan Fu (Pref. vi, notes). Under the Thong dynasty, the names of those who passed their degree as metropolitan graduates were inscribed here.' Cf. 成語考 chap. xxvii, sentence 18 (J. H. S. Lockhart, p. 463). The phrase became a synonym for passing as metropolitan graduates 進士.

7, 9. Leï Sín 李仙 (Giles, No. 1134): a courtesan, who succeeded in fascinating a student named Chäng Yün-woa 鄭元和 to such an extent that

he began to neglect his career. Thereupon she tore out her eyes, after which her lover rapidly rose to distinction, and subsequently married her.

Song LX. Line 3. 'Green garments' 青衫, i.e. loving men: see XII. 4. 3, notes.

5. 'Three lives' 三生, i. e. the past, present, and future life.

Song LXII. Lines 9, 10. 'The maiden Hung Fat' 紅拂女 (Mayers, No. 196; Giles, No. 887). The beautiful concubine of Yông Sô 楊素 (Mayers, No. 895; Giles, No. 2408), statesman and general during the reigns of Kô Tsô 高祖 (589–604 A.D.) and Yông Tai 煬帝 (605–617 A.D.), of the Tshöü 隋 dynasty. On one occasion Leï Tseng 李靖 (Mayers, No. 374; Giles, No. 1112) *alias* Leï Yök-sz 李藥師 (571–649 A.D.), while still a military adventurer unknown to fame, was admitted to a colloquy with Yông Sô, and attracted the gaze of a damsel who stood behind her lord, holding in her hand the 'red fly-flap' which has given her the name of 紅拂女. The same night she secretly penetrated in man's attire the lodgings of Leï Tseng, to whom she disclosed the passion she had conceived for him, saying: 'Of the many men who have passed before my eyes, there are none who can compare with you, my lord. The winding creeper has come to seek an abiding-place beside the stately tree!' The pair fled to 太原 in Shánsi, and shared the eventful fortunes of the close of the 隋 dynasty, being joined by Chông Chung-kín 張仲堅 (Mayers, No. 6; Giles, No. 46), the brother of Hung Fat. When the first emperor of the Thong 唐 dynasty established himself upon the throne Leï Tseng was condemned to death, but was spared through the intercession of the heir-apparent, into whose service he was taken, and under whom, when emperor, he rose to be President of the Board of Rites. For his military achievements against vast hordes of Turkic invaders he was ennobled as Duke.

Song LXIII. Line 9. 'Yông Kwán': see XI. 2. 11, notes.

Song LXIV. Line 3. 'The peacock' 鸞: see XVIII. 8, notes. 'The phoenix' 鳳 (Mayers, No. 134); its female is called 凰, and this name combined with that of the male in the compound 鳳凰 forms the generic designation of this wondrous bird, the second among the four supernatural creatures 四靈 (Mayers, Pt. II, No. 94). In poetry, many allusions to sexual pairing are intimated by reference to the inseparable fellowship of the 鳳 and the 凰.

Song LXXI. Line 7. 'The Pearl River' 珠江: see Pref. II, notes.

Song LXXII. Line 10. 'Tathâgata' 如來, i.e. one who in coming into the world is like the coming of his predecessors: the highest epithet of Buddha. See Eitel, *Handbook of Chinese Buddhism*.

Song LXXIII. Line 15. 'The omen of the lamp-snuff.' If Chinese lamp-oil is very pure, no snuff forms; but if impure a red-hot snuff appears, and is considered a happy omen of a lover's speedy return. When a husband, who has been away for a long time, writes intimating his intention to return home, it is usual for his wife and concubines to gather round the lamp and watch for this omen. Hence the phrase 昨晚有燈花開無. 'Were you last night on the look-out for your lover's return, and did you have a good omen?'

Song LXXIV (1). Line 7. Cf. VI. 7, notes. See also 杜牧詩:—

春草明年綠　王孫歸不歸

'Spring grass will be green next year: but will my lord come home or no?'

11. Nám-phô 南浦, a river of Hupeh, which rises on the 京首山 mountain and flows through the 江夏 district into the Yangtsze. Cf. a poem of 江淹 called 別賦:—

春草碧色　春水綠波
送君南浦　傷如之何

'The spring grass is emerald-colour; the spring tide flows green. I speed my lord down the Nám-phô: how sorely wounded is my heart!'

Song LXXIV (2). Line 12. 'The silk-stringed lyre of dryandra wood' 絲桐: cf. XI. 4. 7, notes.

Song LXXIV (3). Line 8. Cf. the phrase 黃花骨瘦 'Thin as an aster's stalk.'

9. Sung Yuk 宋玉 (Mayers, No. 642; Giles, No. 1841), circa 300 B. C., was a nephew of the famous Wat Yün 屈原 (Mayers, No. 326; Giles, No. 503), and like his uncle both a statesman and a poet. He lived in the State of Chhoa 楚, and is one of the authors of the elegies known as 楚辭, of which the ode entitled 高唐賦 has given rise to the famous legend of the fairies of the Witches' Mountain (XII. 5. 7, notes). Here the reference is to an elegy of his called 九辯, in which occur the lines:— 悲哉秋之爲氣也, 'Alas for the breath of autumn!' and:—

噫嘻悲哉秋風蕭瑟兮　草木零落而盡衰

'Alas, alack! the autumn wind whistles! Oh! grass and wood are desolate! So is all fallen.'

10. See XII. 3. 12, notes.

13. Cf. 成語考 chap. xx, sentence 24 (J. H. S. Lockhart, p. 290):—秋菊春桃,時來遲早. '"The aster in autumn and peach-blossom in spring"—all things have their due season whether late or early.'

14. 'The Tsham-yông River' 潯陽江, a river in the 廬江 district of the province of Anhui 安徽. The reference is to the story of 白居易, see XII. 4. 3, notes.

SONG LXXIV (4). LINE 7. Shông Ngoa 嫦娥: see XXIV. 12, notes. See 後漢書,天文志. Shông Ngoa became the generic name for all fairies in the moon, e. g.:—明皇遊月宮,見嫦娥十餘人,皓衣乘白鸞,舞於桂下. 'Meng Wong (i. e. the Emperor 唐玄宗) travelled to a palace in the moon, where he saw ten Shông Ngoa, dressed in white and seated on phoenixes, frolicking under the cassia-tree.'

8. 'The Blue Bridge' 藍橋 (Mayers, No. 332) is situated at Chhông-oan 長安 the ancient capital of China. (1) It is celebrated as the bridge under which Meï Shang-kô 尾(or 微)生高, who is extolled in the phrase 信若生高 as the model of constancy, lost his life. Having a rendezvous with a woman whom he was to meet under the Blue Bridge, he was overtaken by a sudden rising of the waters, when, rather than abandon his tryst, he stood clasping the wooden support of the bridge until overwhelmed by the flood. (2) The Blue Bridge is even more famous as the scene of the marvellous adventure of Phûï Hong 裴航, a scholar of the Thong 唐 dynasty, who was warned in a dream by a fairy called 雲翹夫人 of the name of his future bride:—

一飲瓊漿百感生　玄霜搗盡見雲英
藍橋便是神仙窟　何必崎嶇上玉京

'Once you have drunk the ambrosia, a hundred emotions will arise. When you have swept the dark frost away, you will see Wan Ying. The blue bridge is the hiding-place of fairies. Is it indeed so rough a road to reach the jade-stone capital?' One day after this Phûï Hong crossed this bridge on the way to his native place, and, being athirst, he entered a hut where an old crone gave him to drink from a vessel which she summoned her daughter to bring. The girl was marvellously beautiful, and in reply to the scholar's inquiry stated that her name was 雲英. He forthwith asked her hand in marriage, but her mother replied that his suit could be entertained only on condition that he should produce a pestle and mortar of jade 玉杵臼, for the purpose of pounding certain magic drugs bestowed upon her by a fairy. After a month's search Phûï Hong found the required articles and obtained his bride in exchange for them. He was afterwards admitted with her into the ranks of spirits. See 裴硎傳奇. From these

two stories the name of the bridge has become symbolical of lovers' trysts and betrothals.

Song LXXV. Line 7. In the 幽明錄 it is related that, on the 北山 mountain in the 武昌 prefecture of the province of Hupeh 湖北, there is a rock called 望夫石 which resembles a woman standing upright, and respecting which there is an old legend that once upon a time a wife, whose husband was sent by the government on a special mission which involved danger to his life, accompanied her lord to the 北山 where she stood and watched his departure so intently that in her gaze she became transformed into stone. Hence the name of the rock.

Song LXXVI (2). Line 3. 'Pâ Bridge' 灞橋: see Pref. viii, notes.

Song LXXIX (1). Lines 4–7. Cf. iii. 13, notes: xxv. 9, notes. See 紅樓夢, the ninety-eighth 回, where the story of the death of Lam Toi-yuk 林黛玉 is told. On the eve of Pô-yuk's marriage she was lying sick abed in her own room attended by three women called 探春, 紫鵑, and 李紈. Then the story proceeds:—三個人見了不及說話, 猛聽黛玉直聲叫道, 寶玉寶玉你好, 說到好字, 便渾身冷汗, 不作聲了. 'The three women looked at each other, but could not speak. Suddenly they heard Toi-yuk cry aloud, saying—"Pô-yuk! Pô-yuk! Thou art good!" At the word "good" her whole body broke into cold sweat and her voice grew silent.' So she died.

Song LXXIX (2). Line 4. Nám-leng 南嶺: a mountain-range in the extreme north of the Canton province on the frontiers of Kwangtung 廣東 and Kiangsi 江西.

7. 孫山名落 'to be left outside Mt. Sün,' i.e. not to pass one's examination. From the story of a man named Sün Shán 孫山, who, having come out last on the list of successful candidates and being asked whether a friend of his had also passed, replied jokingly that the latter was 孫山外, 'outside Mt. Sün.' The phrase is also given as 落孫山 and 孫山名落. See Giles's *Dictionary*, No. 10, 431, and the 成語考, chap. xxvii, sentence 24 (J. H. S. Lockhart, p. 320).

Song LXXXI. Line 2. 'No spirit in the moon' 月老: cf. lxxiv. 4. 7, notes; xiv. 11, notes.

5. 'Your horoscope' 八箇字 (Mayers, Pt. II, No. 257), the eight cyclical characters appertaining to the hour of a person's birth, viz. those of the year 年, month 月, day 日 and hour 時 respectively. These are communicated between the parties to a betrothal.

10. See XXXIII. 9, notes.

SONG LXXXII. LINE 8. 'The red beet' 老來嬌, so called because it grows prettier with age.

9–12. See XVIII. 10, notes.

SONG LXXXV. LINE 9. 菩薩 is the Chinese transliteration of Bodhisattva, i. e. the third class of saints who have to pass only once more through human life before becoming Buddhas, including also those Buddhas who are not yet perfected by entering Nirvâṇa. See Eitel's *Handbook of Chinese Buddhism.* In modern Chinese, however, the phrase 菩薩 has been attenuated to mean merely an 'idol.'

10. 'The six roots of sensation' 六根 (Mayers, Pt. II, No. 189), also known as 六入 a translation of the Skt. shaḍâyatana, 'the six organs of admittance which receive the six forms of wordly environment, 六塵, Skt. bâhyâyatana: viz. (1) the eye which admits form, 色 rûpa; (2) the ear which admits sound, 聲 çabda; (3) the nose which admits scent, 香 gandha; (4) the tongue which admits savour, 味 rasa; (5) the body which admits touch, 觸 sparça; (6) the mind which admits the perception of character or kind, 法 dharma. See Eitel's *Handbook of Chinese Buddhism.*

Sukhâvatî 西方: also translated 淨土: a land in some universe of the West, the Nirvâṇa of the common people, where the saints revel in physical bliss for aeons, until they re-enter the circle of transmigration. See Eitel's *Handbook of Chinese Buddhism.* For the probable origin of the phrase see the 中說 of 文中子:—或問佛, 子曰, 聖人也, 其教何如, 曰, 西方之教也. 'A certain disciple asked concerning Buddha. Man Chung-tsz replied that he was a holy man. "What was his doctrine?" The sage replied: "It was a doctrine of the Western Region,"' i. e. it came from India.

SONG LXXXVI. LINE 8. See XI. 2. 11, notes. Cf. 成語考, chap. xxii, sentence 28:—王維折柳贈行人遂唱陽關三疊曲. 'Wong Wai plucked a willow branch and presented it to the traveller, and then sang the Yöng Kwán song with the three repeating lines.'

Song LXXXVII. 'The webbed creepers' 絲蘿: cf. a poem of 朱熹:—

願生喬木陰　賁緣若絲蘿

'I fain would bloom like a tree lofty and shady, that others like creepers might rely on me.' A frequent metaphor of marriage. See xc. 9.

Song LXXXVIII. Line 12. See lxiv. 3, notes.

Song LXXXIX. Line 1. Tshai 齊: the modern provinces of Shántung 山東 and Chihli 直隸.

4. See xxvi. 8, notes.

Song XC. The point of this song consists in the play on words. Thus 清水 'pure water' and 白菓 'white wort' in the first line correspond to 清白 'pure and white' in the second, and 燈心 lit. *iuncus effusus* to 心多.

3. It is a custom for a woman who thinks herself slighted to place some *Iris florentina* 白芷 and peppermint leaves in a box and send it to her lover as a symbol of his infidelity. There is a play on the words 芷 and 紙, and also 薄荷 with 薄情 and 奈何. Cf. the maxim:—

人情似紙張張薄　世事如祺局局新

'Men's passions are thin as paper, leaf after leaf: the world's way, like chess, brings novelty move after move.'

5. 圓眼 also called 桂圓 and 龍眼 *Nephelium longana*, a fruit. There is a pun on this word and 眼底 in the next line: also on 沙梨 and 離開.

7. 唔過得眼 is Cantonese slang for a disreputable person.

Song XCI. Line 6. Cf. a song of 李白:—

把杯邀明月　對影成三人

'Lift your glass and invoke the bright moon: thus with your shadow you will be three.'

13. Cf. lxxiii. 15, notes.

Song XCII. Line 8. See xxvi. 8, notes.

10. See the 小倉山房尺牘 vol. vii, by 袁枚 (Mayers, No. 964):—李香君者乃當時侯朝宗之表子也. 'Leï Höng-kwan was the mistress of Hau Chhîû-tsung': and *ibidem*:—然而香君雖妓豈可厚非哉, 當馬阮盛張之時, 獨能守公子之節. 'Though Höng-kwan was a courtesan she cannot be called wicked:

for in the time when Má and Yün were most powerful, she contrived to keep faith only with her lover.' 侯方域 *alias* 侯朝宗 (Giles, No. 666), 1618–1654 A.D., was a poet who lived in the stormy times which preceded the downfall of the Meng 明 dynasty. Leï Höng-kwan fell in love with him and the two swore oaths of eternal constancy, which the girl kept unbroken in spite of the solicitations of two powerful officials.

Song XCIII. Line 10. 'The Hall of the Moon and the Tower of the Winds' 月榭風臺.

Song XCIV. Line 5. See xviii. 10, notes.

Song XCV. The point of this song is again contained in a play on words. Thus 頭路 in line 1 means 'a parting in the hair,' in line 2 'ways and means.' 3. 髻心 and 頭髮 correspond to 心頭 'heart's purpose,' in line 4. Again, 髻根 and 髻尾 in line 5 correspond to 跟到尾 in line 6 'follow to the end.' 7. 花簪帶花 and 通 are answered by 花債, 還通, 簪得 and 帶我.

9, 10. Cf. v. 9, notes; xiv. 11, notes.

Song XCVII. There is a play on the word 心 which means both a human heart and the wick of a lamp.

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